twenty-five cents

Bucks County TRAVELER

The County's Monthly Magazine

february 1956

fretzes by the thousand

bucks scouts: land, sea & air

winged raptors

call lingohoken—urgent!

and many other features

To the Man who killed my dog

I hope you were going someplace important when you drove so fast down Cross Highway across Bayberry Lane Tuesday night.

I hope that when you got there the time you saved by speeding meant something to you or somebody else.

Maybe we'd feel better if we could imagine that you were a doctor rushing somewhere to deliver a baby or ease somebody's pain. The life of our dog to shorten someone's suffering—that mightn't have been so bad.

But even though all we saw of you was the black shadow of your car and its jumping red taillights as you roared down the road, we know too much about you to believe it.

You saw the dog, you stepped on your brakes, you felt a thump, you heard a yelp, and then my wife's scream. Your reflexes are better than your heart and stronger than your courage—we know that—because you jumped on the gas again and got out of there as fast as your car could carry you.

Whoever you are, mister, and whatever you do for a living, we know you are a killer.

And in your hands, driving the way you drove Tuesday night, your car is a murder weapon.

You didn't bother to look, so I'll tell you what the thump and the yelp were. They were Vicky, a six-month-old basset puppy; white, with brown-and-black markings. An aristocrat, with twelve champions among her forebears; but she clowned and she chased and she loved people and kids and other dogs as much as any mongrel on earth.

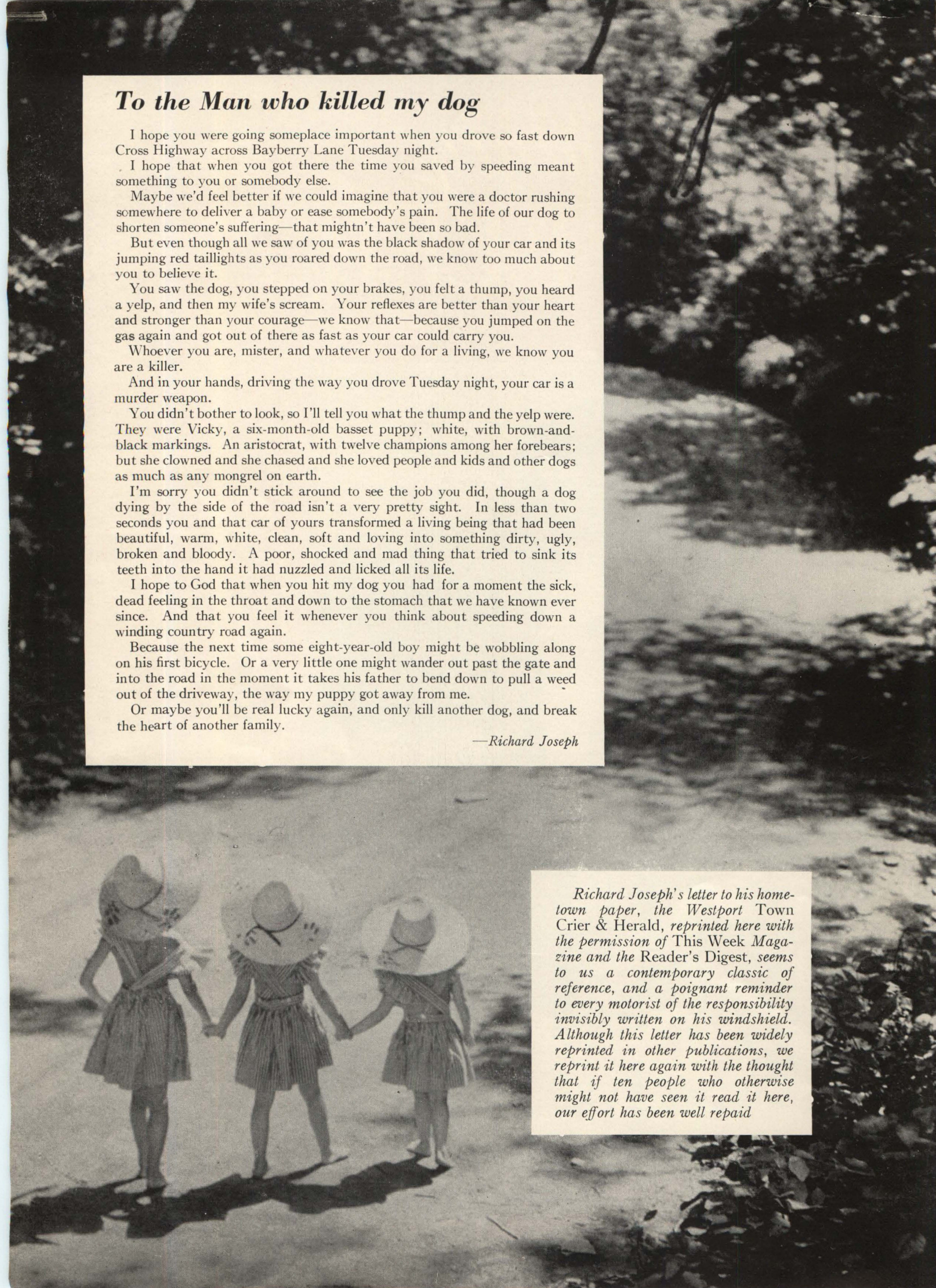
I'm sorry you didn't stick around to see the job you did, though a dog dying by the side of the road isn't a very pretty sight. In less than two seconds you and that car of yours transformed a living being that had been beautiful, warm, white, clean, soft and loving into something dirty, ugly, broken and bloody. A poor, shocked and mad thing that tried to sink its teeth into the hand it had nuzzled and licked all its life.

I hope to God that when you hit my dog you had for a moment the sick, dead feeling in the throat and down to the stomach that we have known ever since. And that you feel it whenever you think about speeding down a winding country road again.

Because the next time some eight-year-old boy might be wobbling along on his first bicycle. Or a very little one might wander out past the gate and into the road in the moment it takes his father to bend down to pull a weed out of the driveway, the way my puppy got away from me.

Or maybe you'll be real lucky again, and only kill another dog, and break the heart of another family.

—*Richard Joseph*



Richard Joseph's letter to his hometown paper, the Westport Town Crier & Herald, *reprinted here with the permission of* This Week *Magazine and the* Reader's Digest, *seems to us a contemporary classic of reference, and a poignant reminder to every motorist of the responsibility invisibly written on his windshield. Although this letter has been widely reprinted in other publications, we reprint it here again with the thought that if ten people who otherwise might not have seen it read it here, our effort has been well repaid*

Bucks County TRAVELER

The County's Monthly Magazine

The monthly magazine of activities past and present in Bucks County, published the first of every month at 75 Shewell Avenue in Doylestown, the County Seat.

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cover picture

Pow! Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Hennessey's young son, seems to have been on the receiving end of a snowball and is expressing his indignation in the best way he knows how. This photograph, by Robert McGuire, won Honorable Mention in The Traveler's 1955 photographic contest.

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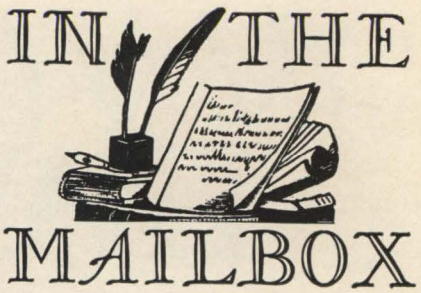

Dear Editor:

Congratulations on the appearance of the magazine in its new format. I'm dashing this off to ask if you know whether there is in New Hope an artist who could make a few line-drawings—just architectural diagrams with lettering for reproduction.

Martha Cheney
New Hope

(*New Hope artists please note. Ed.*)

• •

Dear Mr. Nolan:

Recently I received a copy of the TRAVELER containing your article on the trolley lines of Bucks County. Having grown up in eastern Pennsylvania was quite familiar with the operations which you discussed. . .Am glad to see trolleys getting recognition, even if it is almost too late, so was glad to see the article. You did a good job and show real promise as a rail-fan writer.

Joseph M. Canfield
Chicago, Illinois

• •

Dear Mr. Nolan:

Just a word of congratulation on your fine article about old trolley lines. I also have the issue on covered bridges and we have these two subjects as our hobbies.

Mrs. Barbara Brainerd
Hartford, Conn.

(*The many letters we have received on the old trolley lines have been forwarded to Richard Nolan. Ed.*)

• •

Dear Editor:

Your article "Home Names" revives a nagging mystery. Perhaps eight years ago my sister, on a visit to Philadelphia, saw parked near the Bellevue Hotel a station wagon labelled "Fallen Arches". Shaken, she made what inquiries she could and a bystander suggested it belonged in Bucks County.

Mrs. Harry R. Gilson
Elkins Park, Penna.

(*Will one of our readers enlighten us so we may help Mrs. Gilson's sister recover from her shock? Ed.*)

WHERE TO GO IN THE COUNTY

PLACES OF INTEREST

Bucks County Historical Museum—Ashland and Pine Streets, Doylestown. A large and varied collection of fascinating historical items from thimbles to haywagons. Open week days from 9 to 5, Closed Sundays. **Historical Library**—Open from 9 to 12 and 1 to 5. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Mercer Fonthill Museum—On East Court Street, Doylestown. The private collection of the late Henry Mercer, founder and builder of the Historical Museum. Open weekdays from 1 to 4.

Mercer Tileworks—The famed Tileworks of the late Dr. Mercer, located behind his home (Fonthill Museum) on East Court Street, Doylestown. Open weekdays 9 to 4:30.

Pennsbury Manor—The beautifully reconstructed home and gardens of William Penn. On the river between Morrisville and Bristol. Open daily from 10 to 4:30. Adults admission, 50 cents, children under 12, free.

Fallsington—Village on the Newportville Road and near Route 1 west of Morrisville. Earliest Friends Society organized in 1683. William Penn attended meeting here. Two early meeting houses are still used. One, built in 1789, is now the William Penn Center, an active community house. The other, built in 1841, is still used as a Meeting House. Other ancient houses and buildings of interest.

National Agricultural College—A private college of agriculture, offering a 4-year degree program. From the highway you can see the research laboratory (once the old Wayside Inn), diagnostic laboratory and dairy barn and training center.

Ringing Rocks—One and a half miles west of Upper Black Eddy, Bridgeton Township. Four acres of trap rock boulders, many of which ring loud and clearly when struck with hammer. In 1890 a Dr. Ott of Pleasant Valley collected enough to make a musical scale on which he played tunes, accompanied by the Pleasant Valley Band, at a meeting of the Buck Wampum Literary and Historical Association.

Durham Village—On Route 212 between Springtown and River Road (611) south of Riegelsville. One of the earliest iron furnaces was built here in 1727, it supplied cannon "shot" for the French-Indian War and the Revolution. All sorts of iron utensils were made here, pots, kettles, fire-backs, plate stoves, etc. Nearby is Mine Hill where ore was dug for the furnace. While Robert Durham was the manager he designed and built the Durham boat, valuable on the Susquehanna and Hudson rivers as well as the Delaware because it could be navigated back upstream as well as downstream. About 1812 the furnace was rebuilt as a grist mill which still grinds feed.

At the junction of Routes 212 and 611 is the site of the later Durham Iron Works which was a prominent industry in the county until it closed in 1908. Near this point is Rattlesnake Hill where old ore shafts may still be seen.

Near here also is the site of the once famous Durham Cave. One of its three beautiful apartments was known as Queen Esther's Drawing Room. According to tradition it was once inhabited by "Queen Esther," whose real name was Catherine Montour, and some of her Indian followers. People would come from all over the country to visit this cave. Finally, sometime before the Civil War, the whole thing was quarried away for its limestone to enrich the farms of Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

Indian Walking Purchase—The infamous and best known Indian Treaty Walk was the one on September 19, 1737 which began at Wrightstown where a stone monument near the meeting house commemorates the event. There had been an earlier one, conducted personally by William Penn in 1683 in which a walk of a day and a half covered the distance from the mouth of Neshaminy Creek to the mouth of Knowles Creek north of Washington Crossing. The Indians set the pace, stopping now and then to smoke their pipes or eat a bit of cheese and biscuit.

The Second "walk" conducted by Penn's sons was a craftily planned event that left the Indians bitter and revengeful. They hired three experienced woodsmen, Edward Marshall who lived near Bustleton, James Yeates, of Newtown and Solomon Jennings of near Bethlehem. A trail was secretly blazed for them and their pace was so rapid the accompanying Indians complained that the white men "Run, run, run all day, no stop to shoot squirrel, no stop to smoke pipe, just run."

Buckingham Zoological Garden—On Route 413, one quarter mile northwest of Buckingham. Features world's largest snake. Open daily from noon until dark.

Story Book Zoo—Lincoln Hwy., west of Langhorne. Animals for children to pet, picnic grounds, boats. 50c Adm.

Railroad Museum—Upper River Road, Yardley. E. P. Alexander has collection of railroadiana and old toy trains. Open Saturdays and Sundays from 2 to 5 p.m. Also by appointment. Free.

Mini-Tour—On Route 309 about one mile north of Quakertown on the right-hand side. For a small fee you can operate a miniature railroad through villages, mountains and even the Grand Canyon. You can blow a whistle, stop for passengers, re-route freight trains, and move the trains backward and forward. Perfect entertainment for the children. At present Mini-Tour is open Saturdays and Sundays from 2 p.m. and on the major holidays.

PARKS AND PICNIC AREAS

Delaware Canal—A delightful walk for those who like to walk is along the canal towpath, parking your car in New Hope, and going north or south. At 10 o'clock in the morning of December 7, 1830, the first canal boat with passengers and a few tons of coal glided down the waterway to Bristol, arriving four hours later. Bands played, crowds of people cheered and guns were fired. The canal has had a long history, has been abandoned and partly restored but walking along the towpath today is delightful. Wild fowl and birds find a sanctuary along its banks and many homes are built between the canal and the river.

In winter there is often good skating at many places along the canal.

Aquetong or Ingham Spring—At head of Aquetong Lake on Route 202 about two miles west of New Hope. Daily flow of water has been estimated at 3 million gallons. The dam was built to form the lake for the operation of a fulling mill that was rebuilt by Samuel D. Ingham in 1790 as the first paper mill in the county.

Lake Warren—In Nockamixon Township, hard to find so inquire at Ferndale or Revere. Dike was built in 1936 to impound waters of springs at foot of Boatman's Hill. Good picnic spot, fair fishing, lots of birds and water lilies.

Beverly Hall—near Quakertown. Rose gardens, reflecting pools, lily ponds.

Menlo Park—Perkasie. Eight acres with free picnic tables and children's playground; swimming pool, bowling alley and other food and amusement concessions. No admission charge.

Quakertown Municipal Park—On Mill Street, ice skating rink, picnic tables, fireplaces.

Lenape Park—Perkasie. For picnicking and boating. Free.

Ralph Stover State Park—On Tohickon Creek west of Point Pleasant. A scenic picnic area. Closes at sundown.

Washington Crossing State Park—One of the nation's major historical shrines, commemorating the famous crossing in 1776. On River Road between Yardley and New Hope. **The Lower Park** is the setting for the boulder marking the embarkation point. The nearby Methodist Church has on display the famed Leutze painting of General George Washington in a big rowboat from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. The **Upper Park** at Bowman's Hill, 3 miles south of New Hope, has picnic fireplaces and tables and a wild flower preserve. Also of interest: burial ground for several Continental soldiers; the Thompson-Neely house open Saturdays and Sundays 1 to 5 p.m. or by appointment; bird banding every Saturday and Sunday at 3 p.m. Bowman's Tower commands a view of the valley. Closed at sundown. The park closes at 10 p.m.

SPORTS

Gaybird Farms, Old Irving Road, Carversville, Sugan 5201. The County's only pay-as-you-go game bird preserve. Hunting from October 1 to February 29. Pheasants, ducks chukker partridge. Open every day except Sunday. Special non-resident licenses for out-of-town guests. No limit on bag or sex. Dogs and guides provided.

Lazy D Ranch, Point Pleasant Road, Gardenville, Sugan 2412. Horses and ponies for hire by the hour. Western tack. Hayrides. Riding instruction. Boarding. Rodeo Arena.

Timberlane, Aquetong Road off Route 232, New Hope 2207. Horses for hire by the hour. English or Western tack. In the ring or on scenic trails. Private and group instruction. Boarding.

Pineway Stables, Smith Road, Pineville, Wycombe 4651. English tack. Private instruction. Boarding.

Village Farm, Newtown, 4-5782. Instruction. English tack.

Haycock Riding Stables, RD No. 3, Quakertown 335-J-1. English and Western tack. Private instruction in ring or on trails. Moonlight riding for groups. Reservations required.

—:—

Warrington Skating Rink, Route 611, Warrington, OSborne 5-9999. Open evenings 8 to 11 p.m. Ladies' Night on Tuesday, party night on Monday. Skates for rent.

Playrena Roller Club, State Road and Cedar Avenue, Croyden, Stillwell 8-9009. Open Wednesday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights, with skating in the afternoon on Saturday and Sunday. Skates for rent.

Moonlight Gardens Roller Rink, York Road, Jamison, Doylestown 6479. Open evenings 8 to 11 p.m. Monday and Tuesday reserved for private parties. Matinee on Saturday and Sunday. Skates for rent.

Roller Skating Casino, Nolan Avenue, Penndel, Skyline 7-2744. Open evenings 8 to 11 p.m. and on Saturday and Sunday 1 to 4 p.m. Best to call, schedule occasionally changed. Skates for rent.

—:—

Fairlanes Bowling, Fairless Hills Shopping Center, Windsor 5-4441. Twenty-four alleys with automatic pin spotters. Open daily from 10 a.m. to early morning for open and league bowling.

Delmor Lanes, 81 North Delmor Street, Morrisville, Cypress 5-2919. Eight Brunswick alleys. Open 1 p.m. to 11 p.m. Open bowling weekends.

Bristol Recreation Center, 1500 Farragut Avenue, Bristol, Stillwell 8-3802. Twelve alleys open at 6 to 12 p.m. Monday thru Friday and 1 to 12 p.m. Saturdays and Sundays. League bowling.

Levittown Lanes, Inc., Newportville Road and Orchard Drive, Levittown, Windsor 6-3117. Eighteen alleys with automatic pin spotters. Open daily from 10 a.m. to early morning. Clubs accommodated.

Newtown Recreation Center, 18 N. State Street, Newtown, Worth 8-2707. Eight alleys. Open daily from 6:30 to 12 p.m. Open bowling weekends. Reservations accepted.

Hillcrest Recreation Center, Route 611, Danboro, Doylestown 9309. Monday thru Thursday, League nights. Open bowling Friday and Saturday 6:30 p.m. to 11 p.m. Sunday, 2:30 to 11 p.m.

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Gentlemen:

I want to thank you most sincerely for the log you rolled for me in January in "Browsing through Bucks". I don't know to whom I am indebted but I surely appreciated it and loved it. I like the new king-size and everything about your magazine. Congratulations, best wishes for a good New Year and if I can I will do all I can to see "that the players are well bestowed", as the greatest of all playwrights put it. My two hopes are that you and "the players" continue to "light up the sky".

W. Lester Trauch
Doylestown

• •

Dear Editor:

. . . . .my "gawd" it's better than NEW YORKER:

David Sheedy
New Hope

• •

Dear Sir:

Is there a list of places or firms in Bucks County which make gift items and sell wholesale? I would enjoy hearing about such.

Mina J. Staten
Cottage Shop
Olmsted Falls, Ohio

(*Here's proof that ads in Traveler will pay off outside the county. Ed.*)

• •

Gentlemen:

I was delighted to see the article on bird feeding in your January issue. I have been doing this for years and I know I have less trouble with insects than most people.

Lela Warner
Edison

• •

Dear Sir:

In reply to Mr. Wells' letter published in the December issue, I am enclosing two church bulletins showing interior and exterior views of our church in Churchville. Organized by the Holland Dutch, May 20, 1710, the history is very interesting of how the ministers were supplied by the mother country, of hardships endured, building plans and other problems. Sermons were preached in Dutch for many years. If Mr. Wells is interested, he should come to visit us.

Robert Lennon
Churchville

(*Thanks to Mr. Lennon. Sorry we can't reproduce one of these views. Ed.*)

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2 miles from New Hope towards Philadelphia
On Route 202 — By the Yellow Lanterns
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Catering to Parties

(Appreciating that no two people see eye to eye on food and drinks, we would like your complaints or suggestions if the restaurants we recommend do not live up to your expectations. Note: No liquor is served in Pennsylvania on Sundays.)

L — Luncheon D — Dinner
* — Closed Sundays ** — Closed Mondays

UPPER COUNTY

Delaware Oaks**—Rt. 611, Riegelsville. L-D. $2.50 tops. Sits among tall trees. You'll like it for your family —very friendly. Bar.

Tohickon House**—Caffery Hill Rd. 1 m. north Pt. Pleasant. L-D $1.85-$3.25. Worth hunting up for view. Cooking good. Bar.

Mountainside Inn—S. Pt. Pleasant. L-D reas. Good, plain German-American food—they still don't allow shorts in the dining room. Draft beer and excellent sandwiches.

Ferndale Hotel—Rt. 611, Ferndale. L-D $1.50-$3. Also platters. Non-dieters, try home-made pies. No waiting for tables. Bar.

Cascade Lodge—Half mi. off 611 bet. Kintnersville and Riegelsville. Parties from four people to 150 by reservation only. Pies and cakes are really home-made.

Harrow Inn—Founded 1785. "Workingman's Bar" serves 10 oz. mug of draft beer, 10c. Fried chicken, real Bar-B-Q, short orders during hours. Closes bet. midnite and 2 p.m. depending on mood. Intersection 611 and 412 north of Doylestown.

Pipersville Inn**—Route 413 Pipersville L-D. Mother Brugger keeps a lively eye on kitchen while Brothers Bob and Joe keep conversation and good drinks moving over the bar. Calves' liver here the best we've ever eaten.

Eagle Hotel—Hellertown Ave. & Broad St., Quakertown. D.Room open Fri., Sat., Sun. Steaks as you like 'em. Bar.

Twin Gables—1222 Broad St., Quakertown. D. Room open Fri., Sat., Sun. Reas. Say their mixed drinks the best. Bar.

Trainer's Restaurant—Route 309, Quakertown. L-D Breakfast for the early birds. Anything you can think of, you can get at any time. Bar.

Meyer's Restaurant—Route 309, Quakertown. L-D. If you want a good dinner at reasonable prices this is it.

Benetz Inn**—Route 309, Quakertown. L-D. Their slogan, "A Good Meal at Any Time." When you eat there you will agree. Bar.

Washington House Hotel—Route 309, Sellersville. L-D. Famous for country food. "All you can eat—$2.00." Bar.

CENTRAL COUNTY

Black Bass—River Rd. Lumberville. L-D. $2.75 to $5 18th century. Charming fireside eating. Try Roast Duck Normandy, Sweetbreads Madeira. Jack Travers at the piano Fri. and Sat. Bar.

Volare's*—Rt. 202 W. of New Hope. D and late snacks. $2-$4. Good food. Especially cosy for after—theater supper. Bar.

The Gobblers*—River Road, Pt. Pleasant L-D—specializes in steaks, spaghetti and meat balls. Qualified music (no rock 'n roll) Friday and Saturday evenings. Bar

Canal House*—By the canal on Mechanics Street in New Hope. Special winter entertainment—fresh young talent —atmosphere and good food. Bar.

Tow Path House**—New Hope. Two dollar dinners on week-day nights where diners can feel cozy and warm watching the fire in the circular fireplace when snow swirls against the wide windows. L-D. Bar.

Playhouse Inn**—New Hope. Odette Myrtil as the new hostess and manager really makes the place sparkle. Excellent French and Polynesian food. Fairly expensive. Dancing weekends to Jean Loper's combo. Jean and Stuart Ross at the bar pianos during the week.

Mel's Steak House—Closed Tuesdays—Ney Plaza off Mechanic's Street, New Hope. Practically New Hope's club for breakfast, coffee, snacks, talk. No dinner. Opens again at 8 P. M.

Albert's Coffee Shop**—Mechanic Street, New Hope—cozy atmosphere in a pine-paneled room where the cheese is real Swiss and the coffee so good you keep on drinking it. Open 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. except Sunday when the closing hour is 5 p.m. Closed Monday.

Bird's Nest—Ferry Street, New Hope—formerly the Peppermint Stick. Now managed by Chan Parker, widow of the late Charlie Parker, famed exponent of contemporary jazz. Snacks and dinners with that homey touch.

River House**—S. River Rd. New Hope. Here the tourists look like tourists and love it. Good food. L-D. $1.75-$3.75 a la carte. Bar.

Shea's Tower Inn*—River Rd., Bowman's Hill. Short order cooking—chicken in basket, shrimp, roast beef, sandwiches. In a hurry? Try it. Bar.

Washington Crossing Inn**—L-D. $2.75-$3.75. Roast duckling best you can find. Music. Fun and singing Saturday nights. Bar.

Lavender Hall—Rt. 532, Newtown. Mint julep atmosphere with long white pillars. Delectable buffet Thursdays. L-D. Bar.

Temperance House*—Newtown. The name is only partially misleading. They serve beer, and home cooking with emphasis on sea food. L-D. Reas.

Old Anchor Inn—Doylestown Pike at 2nd Street Pike, Wrightstown—a good place for that warming drink on cold winter days.

Vincent's Warrington Inn*—Rt. 611. Warrington. L-D reas. Rooms for large parties. Seafood casseroles and platters worth ordering. Bar.

Howard Johnson's Restaurant—Route 611 near Horsham —air-conditioned—their reputation such we need only say "Stop for cones, milk shakes, hot dogs, or a full dinner." Pleasing decor.

The Barn—Buckingham. L-D with late snacks. Dancing. Arty atmosphere. We've been told curry dishes are good. They emphasize their Sunday dinners. Bar.

General Greene Inn*—Cross-roads at Buckingham (202-143). Revolutionary War generals ate here. Presumably, they liked plain food, low prices and draft beer Bar.

Doylestown Inn—Doylestown. L-D. Prime ribs of beef. "Jug-in-the-wall" where people meet for $1 lunch. Home-made pie. Among others, M. L. Twiford's pictures on walls. Bar.

Stone Manor*—Buckingham. L-D reasonable with dancing for boys and girls, and oldsters, too. Bar.

FountainHouse—Doylestown. Energetic county politicking is conducted in the unlikely atmosphere of quiet comfort and antiques for sale. L-D. Bar.

Bucks County Inn—Doylestown. Returning to the battle for eating customers—with smorgasbord at lunch—dinner evenings. Bar.

O'Neill's Village Inn—W. State St., Doylestown. Small, not elegant, but good pies, clam stew and seafood in season.

Ed's Diner—Rt. 202, Doylestown. For the traveler who likes his atmosphere streamlined, his food plain, but good. Open 24 hours.

Conti's Inn*—Cross Keys. Since the Italians taught the French to cook, it isn't surprising to find good food here of all styles. L-D. Bar.

Valley Farm Restaurant**—611 north of Doylestown Hoping for a table groaning beneath its load of home-cooked goodies? Here it is.

Countryside Inn*—Cross Keys. L-D. You won't complain about the bill. Try sauerbraten and the snapper soup. Bar.

Goldie's Restaurant—Route 313, Dublin. Good reasonable meals anytime during the day.

LOWER COUNTY

Goodnoe Dairy Bar—Intersection Rts. 532 and 413, Newtown. Sundaes range from 32-ounce atomic to a tiny tot, and cows glance in the windows to see how the customers like their milk. New and charming with wallpaper to match the drapes.

Jack Hansen's Inn*—Old Lincoln Highway, Morrisville. L-D reasonable. Just the place when you aren't dressed up and don't want to go home to cook. Bar.

Pennsbury Inn*—Off Bristol Rd. nr. Pennsbury. L-D $2.50-$5. Spec. rate for small fry. Plan to stop when you visit the Manor. Bar.

Flannery's—Lincoln Highway, Penndel. L-D reasonable. Longest bar in the county. Prime ribs of beef and home-made pies.

Buck Hotel*—Feasterville. Old-timey inn with a chummy bar. L-D reasonable. Family parties frequently seen there. Be sure to order the cheese cake.

Red Lion Inn—Andalusia. L-D $1.50-$3. Mother never made stew like this inn serves. You won't forget their French-fried shrimp or apple pie. Bar.

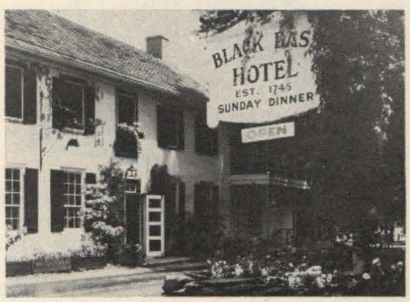
Trailblazer Diner and Dining Room—it's getting fashionable to dine in a diner—seafoods, steaks and chops cooked to your order. U.S. 1 at Trevose. Open all hours and all days.

LaCasa Charcoal Restaurant—Morrisville Shopping Center—L-D*-Charcoal broiled steaks—all the butter and coffee you can use—moderate prices—business luncheons for those in a hurry.

Trailblazer Diner and Dining Room #2—U. S. Route 13, Bristol.

Bucks County Room*—Pomeroy's, Levittown Shopping Center. Favorite meeting place of Levittowners for relaxing luncheon. Appealing atmosphere, good service, excellent coffee. Open during store hours.

Bill Dino's Fireside Inn**—Route 263, Hatboro. L except Sat., D. Comfortable roadside farmhouse featuring fine French-Italian cuisine, **scampi** a specialty and particular pride of host Bill Dino. You'll also like the cozy bar.



In 1745 this Hotel was a friendly refuge for the wayfarer traveling up or down the river. Today it is still a refuge with its gracious atmosphere, attractive rooms, and excellent food and wine.

Jack Travers at the Piano
Fri. & Sat.

LUNCHEON 12 - 2:30 DAILY
SUPPER 5:30 - 10 DAILY
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Sugan 3071

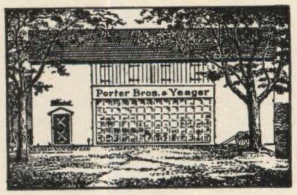
Flannery's

your AAA

recommended restaurant in Bucks County

U. S. Route One in Penndel, Pa.

luncheon? — yes indeed
YOU WON'T FIND MORE—OR BETTER FOR LESS THAN AT
CLIFF'S DAIRY BAR
140 W. State St. Doylestown, Pa.



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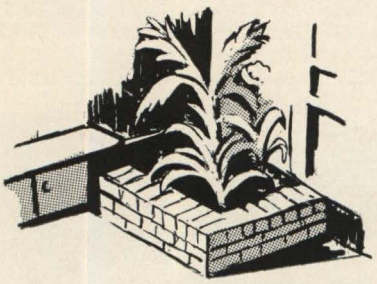

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Wednesday	*Blanquette de Veau*
Thursday	*Cassoulet Toulousin*
Friday	*Bouillabaisse*
Saturday	*Coq au Vin*

Stuart Ross and Jean Loper at the pianos

Dancing Saturday Evenings

CLOSED MONDAYS **FOR RESERVATIONS:** **NEW HOPE 2035**

Editors:

We were happy to receive a copy of the December issue of the TRAVELER and we will proudly place your publication in our reading section.

Mrs. LeRoy Sanders
Historical Society
of Berks County

• •

Gentlemen:

My first copy of your magazine was an instant success. The first letter in "The Mail Box" referred to my forbear; so kindly forward me a copy of the December issue containing the Moyer history. I lived in Blooming Glen with my grandparents when my grandfather carried mail and passengers between Perkasie and Blooming Glen, stopping at Silverdale and S. Perkasie Post Offices. My grandmother told me I was related to "all the Moyers around here".

Esther Yost
Harrisburg, Penna.

• •

Dear Sir:

Over the past year I have become increasingly interested in your splendid magazine and I think the December issue is about the finest Christmas messenger it has been my pleasure to read. My enthusiasm bubbled over so I had to share; hence, this subscription for a friend.

Mrs. M. C. Wright
Trenton, N. J.

• •

Dear Editor:

We are currently building a house near Erwinna and have found your magazine to be quite an asset to learning more about the County.

Mrs. A. R. Collmer, Jr.
Hatboro, Penna.

• •

Gentlemen:

Have just finished going through my copies of the 1955 issue of your magazine, checking the things of most interest to me. . . .I am enclosing duplicates of some of my old post cards which you might find use for at a later date. I enjoy the TRAVELER immensely and look forward to each issue. Our Bucks County is very interesting.

Mrs. Frank W. Raike
Penndel, Penna.

(Thank you for the cards and the pleasant things you said about our magazine. When we do an article on Tullytown, we shall appreciate having the pictures you sent. Ed.)

• •

Looking over the County

ALTHOUGH there's little enough to be said for the natural endowments of February as a month, either in the County or out, contemplation of it yields a certain calendar glamor far greater than that of any other month. The twin birthdays of Washington and Lincoln, the only two presidents whose birth we celebrate officially, (except perhaps in the late unfortunate Confederacy), evoke nostalgic memories of the patriotic pageantry with which they were attended in our impressionable early school years; lesser lights of the month are the ground-hog and St. Valentine (about whom more below), and then as a special treat once every four years, February adds the sprightly fillip of an extra day to serve the twofold purpose of curtseying to the vagaries of the solar system and of legitimizing the pursuit of men by women, at which we chivalrously close an eye the other fourteen hundred and sixty days of the quadrennium.

Aspiring to be a publication of some service to the community, we are pleased to offer our readers some additional and startling less-known intelligence. They will no doubt be happy to hear that efforts to raise the American standard of living are still under way; the combined advertising and merchandising brains and might of the nation have further enriched the month of February by adding to the holidays named above a number of other notable occasions. During the next twenty-nine days we will be living through Kraut and Frankfurter Week, National Pimiento Week, National Canned Salmon Week, and International Wheat Bread for Toast Week, to name but a few. With all this going on, it does seem as if life needn't be as dull as some people claim it is.

NOW, about St. Valentine's Day. There seems to be a small confusion afoot here which even at the risk of being considered a wet blanket, we feel obliged to clear up. Curious to know how a saint becomes a patron saint, we looked into the library and found a book called Days and Deeds, by Burton E. and Elizabeth B. Stevenson, published in 1914. Burton E. and Elizabeth B., in a dastardly bit of iconoclasm, although we're sure they meant well, had this to say: "One of the most austere saints in the Christian calendar and the most mischievous little god of pagan mythology have become all tangled up in the name and observance of one day in each year, the 14th of February. If the good Bishop gave his name to the day, certain it is that Eros, on mischief bent, is its presiding genius. . .The etymologists, those grave scientific persons who make a study of the origin of words, declare that the use of Valentine is really a mistake. They say that "v" and "g" are frequently interchangeable in popular speech, and cite the words "gallant" and "valiant", which both come from the Latin *valens*, meaning strong. Now the Norman word *galantine*, a lover of the fair sex, a gallant, was frequently pronounced "Valentine", and hence it is argued that by a natural confusion of words, the saintly Bishop Valentine was established as the patron saint of lovers, although he really had nothing at all to do with them. ." How about that, now? Oh, well, if you have them bought already, you might as well go ahead and mail them anyway!

SPEAKING of confusions of words brings us to the pun, that universal form of humor which is greeted in most quarters with an affectation of horror and uproarious disapproval which generally cloak a secret enjoyment of something we feel we really shouldn't be caught at. Our all-time favorite local pun came up recently at the Playhouse Inn in New Hope, where Odette Myrtil as the new manager has been adding new lustre to the proceedings. As one of her numerous accomplishments, Odette plays the violin, and well, too, but only on rare occasions. One evening a short while ago she favored the company with a selection or two, and then put the instrument to rest. When she showed up a few minutes later without it, a barfly disconsolate for an encore and seeing her without her violin was overheard to mutter quietly almost to himself: "Odette, where is thy string?"

ANENT Valentines and young lovers, the world, or at least the world press, has once again been swept off its feet by the latest revival of the Cinderella legend. We would be remiss in our duty to the County, since the future Princess of Monaco is an alumna of the Bucks County Playhouse, Class of '51, in omitting mention of it here. The newspapers seem to be currently teeming with inside first-hand confidential exclusive interviews with those close to one or the other of the happy pair. We note in one of these that Prince Rainier, although aware that Grace is not in danger of starving in poverty, disclaims any interest in her wealth. He is, we conclude, unwilling to have his fiancee go down in history as the girl who banked the bloke at Monte Carlo.

RAISING funds for a library is a constant problem; finding subscribers for a magazine is an equally constant one. The Levittown Library Council (about which more elsewhere in this issue) last week came up with a happy approach to both their problem and that of the Traveler. The Council unanimously passed a resolution authorizing the many various organizations interested in the Library to solicit subscriptions to the Bucks County Traveler in the name of the Library, with a portion of the subscription price going to the Library itself. We are flattered by the Council's recognition of the Traveler as a worthwhile community project, grateful for their assistance, and pleased in turn at the chance to help the Library. We also invite the attention of active groups in other parts of the County to this handy arrangement for adding to their treasury and our subscriber list at the same time.

A READER called the other day to voice his suspicion that we were stuffing the Mailbox; he claimed that the tone of the letters was too unanimously complimentary. We were almost embarrassed to tell him that that's just about the only kind of letter we ever get. Fact is, the phone has hardly stopped ringing since the beginning of the month with people calling to say how much they liked the new format. As we had expected, a few folks complained that they couldn't carry or pocket the new size as easily, but detailed inquiry brought out the fact that not very many of them had pocketed or carried the old size either! One lady we heard about, who had been firmly determined not to like the new size, thought it over for a moment and then summed it up: "After all, how can you get too much of a good thing?" —A.M.

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COUNTY DOINGS THIS MONTH

EVENTS

Bucks County Photographic Society—Dr. Norman Fisher will show slides and discuss flowers cultivated at Bowman Hill Park Wildflower Preserve. Local gardeners invited. New Hope High School, February 1, 8 p.m.

Delaware Valley Philharmonic Orchestra and Chorus—Neshaminy High School, Old Lincoln Highway, Langhorne, February 1-2-5 and March 7-8-9. Evenings 8:30 p.m. Sundays 3:30 p.m.

Bucks County Council of Girl Scouts—Board of Directors meeting—34 West State Street, Doylestown, February 13, 10 a.m. Re-orders for Girl Scout Cookies start February 3.

University of Pennsylvania—Chamber Music—University Museum, Philadelphia. February 4 and 11, 3 p.m.

Bucks County Writers Club—Swartzlander Building, Doylestown—Jean Breig of Breig Advertising, speaker, February 5, 2 p.m. Workshop with H. Malcolm Stewart conducting course, February 20, 7:45 p.m.

Minsi Trail Flower Club—Garden Pictures by Mary Oddy, Springfield Church, Pleasant Valley. February 6, 8 p.m.

Town and County Players—Tryouts for MALE ANIMAL, Swartzlander Community House, February 9-10—evening.

Welcome House Film Program—REMBRANDT with a short of Dong Kingman—single painting to completion. Welsh's Barn near Dublin, February 10 at 9:15 p.m.

Philadelphia Home Show—Commercial Museum, Philadelphia, February 13 to 18.

Delaware Valley Horseman's Association—Lambertville Rescue Squad Building, February 16, 8:15 p.m.

Bucks County Philatelic Society—Over Post Office, Langhorne, February 17, 8 p.m.

Bucks County D. A. R.—Talk on American history in our schools. James House, Main Street, Doylestown, February 20, 2 p.m.

American Association of University Women—Fashion Show by Simplicity Patterns. William Penn Junior High School, Fairless Hills, February 25, 1:30 p.m.

ART

Philadelphia Art Alliance—251 S. 18th Street, Philadelphia—Exhibitions: Francis J. Barone thru February 15, Marcella Klein and Leona Braverman thru February 26, Karl Zerbe thru February 12, Belle Quitman, Evelyn Applebaum and Dr. Daniel Blumberg, February 9 thru March 4. Group show of oils February 15 thru March 21. Regional exhibition of prints and drawings of artists within 50-mile radius of Philadelphia. Reception for artists, February 3 from 4 to 6 p.m. Exhibition will continue thru March 4.

Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts—Broad and Cherry Streets, Philadelphia. Complete set of twenty-five etchings by Daniel Garber, Lumberville, on exhibit.

Administration Building—Ashland and West Streets, Doylestown. Exhibition of Knickerbacker Davis—about thirty landscapes, abstracts and book illustrations. Thru February.

Delaware Book Shop Gallery—Ferry Street, New Hope. Exhibit of mats, scarves, art objects, saris, skirt materials, and handwoven and dyed fabrics brought from Orissa, India, by Beulah and Alston Waring, shown through February.

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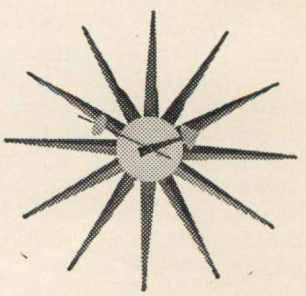

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BROWSING

THROUGH BUCKS

by Bob Brugger

(On February 20th, Bob Brugger's TOWN TALKS celebrates its sixth year on radio. Broadcast for five and a half years from the Doylestown Inn, "TOWN TALKS" is now heard daily over WBUX, Bucks County, and WFLN-FM, at 12:15 from Strawbridge & Clothier's. This month, Brugger, the co-proprietor of this column, briefly sums up his six years at the microphone. Once a year Brugger waxes autobiographic, and once a year we think he's entitled to. Naturally, the views expressed here are his—we never read the column.—Ed.)

I wrote my first newspaper story back when I was 11 years old. It appeared in the now defunct **Bucks County Times** which was a bit Democratic before its time. The piece was entitled "Bucks County—Celebrity Corner" and I mention it now only because there are some "exurbanites" among us who do not realize that twenty years ago the county had already "arrived". . .even if most of ye olde shoppes, swimming pools, Volkswagens and Vodka Martini drinkers hadn't.

Dorothy Parker was the first commuter I can remember on the Pipersville horizon out of New York. Around here the initials DP meant Dorothy Parker long before they gained their World War II usage. I can remember resident luminaries at a time when the Playhouse was a run-down grist mill and most of the chic bistros along the Delaware were equally run-down gin mills.

I felt an immediate kinship to many of these neighbors, not so much as a starry-eyed kid who loved to bask in the lime-light, but because we had a common newcomer feeling. My parents were newly arrived in Bucks County when I was born, second floor, front, the Pipersville Inn (room and bed where I live to this day). Three decades later, some of the natives still look across the street and "it wonders them how long those *new* people will stay by the hotel! Still?"

Long before the **Traveler,** the **Gazette,** the **Informer,** the **Towpath** and the **Ottsville Times,** the lot of 'em, I was trumpeting the cause of Bucks County in my own publication, **The Pipersville Weekly Piper** (circulation 16, including Mother). If I seem now more disposed to look back on a quieter era and less sensational doings, it is not that I did not have a hand in the "revolution" and the changes that were wrought. I'm not sorry. Nor do I take a back seat when some young man more arty than artistic informs me in an accent more South Philly than Bucks County that we were a bunch of backwoods hillbillies until he and his arrived!

I agree with the editor of this erudite journal even though he smilingly refers to me as a "dedicated provincialist". (I *think* he does it smilingly.) Bucks County is a ranch-house south end, an artist's shack along the Delaware, a tool-shop in Buckingham, a third-generation farmer's farm in Keller's Church, and an actress' estate east of Quakertown. It's plumbers and playwrights, Michael Ellis, the impresario, and Howard Ellis, the linoleum man. It's history and histrionics.

My job has been to try to reflect all of this in fifteen-minute daily radio stints. Five days a week for as many weeks as it takes to add up to six years, I've been interviewing Bucks County on radio. Over 5,000 natives, transients and visiting firemen have joined me at the WBUX microphone. Most came willingly, some were tripped.

Working with a staff of one (me) the show hasn't always gone according to Mary Margaret McBride. There was the time that the late Theron Bamberger sent over strip-teaser Margie Hart and I had already scheduled a local minister. As they say in Applebachsville: C'est la vie, ain't!

Bucks County and I have discussed the Negro Question, chicken-sexing (it's a science), faith healing, Eleanor Roosevelt, the McCarthys, Charlie and Joe, the trees in the court house park and artificial insemination of cows. We've given equal time to the First Baptists and the Second Baptists. And once after the gracious and charming Lillian Gish appeared on the broadcast an irate citizen complained that we should get those "foreigners" off the program and put on somebody the people knew. We did. Her. Next day.

It has been impossible, of course, for me to remember all of the thousands with whom I've lunched. Unfortunately, they remember me, associating in most cases my face with their debut on radio. This is further unfortunate because my Brother Joe looks an awful lot like me. Joe hates radio and more particularly women's clubs. He rarely goes to Doylestown that some dowager doesn't rush up and gush all over him

Continued page 10

G. Washington

liked to keep up with goings-on in Bucks County.

You can, too, (and easier than he did) just by subscribing to the Bucks County Traveler.

If you *are* a subscriber, maybe a friend would enjoy getting the Traveler. If you aren't yet a subscriber, maybe you'd like to subscribe for yourself and a friend, too.

We've made it simple Just use the blank below.

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BUCKS COUNTY TRAVELER
75 Shewell Ave. Doylestown, Pa.

The American Revolution in 1778, as Related to Bucks County

Letter (in part) from Brig. Gen. Lacey to Pres. Wharton.

Camp, Bucks County,
Warwick Township
Feb. 15th, 1778

Sir: My force is at Last reduced to Almost a Cypher, only 60 Remain fit for duty in Camp; —We are in no way capable of Guarding so extnsive a Country as this, nor even safe in our Camp, as our number will not afford a sufficient Picquet or Scout for our Protection.

A party of the Enemys light Horse Came up as far as Butler's Tavern, on the Old York Road, about fourteen miles from Philada, the Night of the 13th Instant took Mr. Butler, One of the Light Horse Men, and then struck a Cross the Country to Majr Wright's Tavern, near White Marsh, and took him, with some other Prisoners, and then Retired to the City. Yesterday another party of Foot and Horse advanced up the Newtown Road as far as Smithfield, took, it is Reported, near fourty Prisoners, the Collectors and Militia Officers. I hear they are yet in the Neighborhood.

I remain, Sir, with respect
JOHN LACEY, JUNR.

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browsing (*con't*)

thanking him for publicizing their baked ham supper on the radio. In self defense Joe has affected a homburg, monocle and a German vocabulary which translated means: get out of my way, sister!

As I am the night bar-tender at Pipersville, Joe is the day bar-tender. He presides over a cult that meets at Pipersville for lunch to sing the Schnitzelbank while I'm broadcasting from another restaurant.

If I seem to treat my experiences lightly, it is not that they have been without reward. I've gotten to know Bucks County as few men can. . . through her people. Here on the show I've tried to establish a forum for the County, for these people to bring their successes or their problems, to speak their minds without fear or favor; it is my privilege to sit with them as they tell their story.

A sponsor asks: "Who listens to 'Town Talks'?"

I met a woman at a cocktail party the other night and she could not say enough for what I do. After a virtual litany of my talents and the good I had done for the County she concluded that in her house everything stops when I come on the air at 5:30.

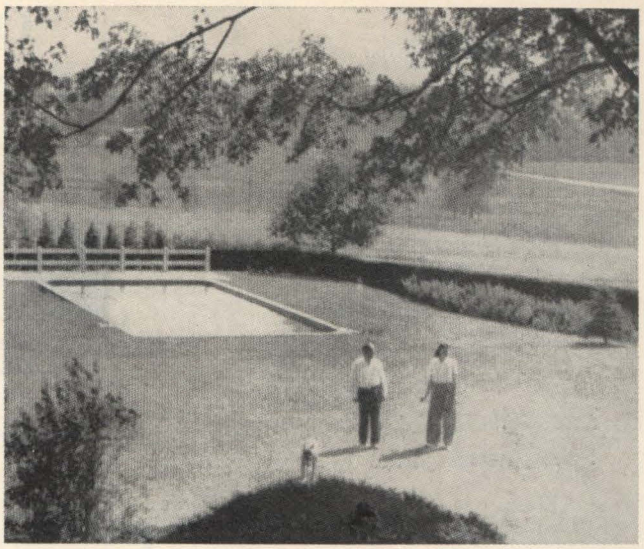
I have never been on the air at 5:30 in my life!

• •

Are you Stout and Full Blooded?

If you are stout, fleshy, of a full blooded or plethoric habit, you are probably subject to headaches, vertigo, dizziness, a rush of blood to the head, and congestive diseases generally. At any rate, you are more likely to be afflicted in that manner than people of a more lean habit. Now you, above all other persons in the world ,should have constantly on hand a box of Herrick's Sugar Coated Pills. The 25 cents they cost will be a cheap investment if it succeeds in frightening away disease. It will be a cheaper one if, in a sudden attack, when no other medical aid be convenient, it rescues you from the grave. Because you are stout, plethoric people will tell you to get bled. Commit no such folly. The difficulty ,if you are attacked by a rush of blood to the head, is caused by a disturbed circulation of the blood, and not by a too great quantity of it in your system. What you need is something to restore the organs to a natural and regular action, and thus equalize the circulation of the blood. That is precisely the effect of a dose or two of those Pills. They do not merely purge. They "regulate," the liver, the bowels, the spleen, the kidneys, and so on. In this manner they restore a healthy action to the heart, the brain and the lungs, as well as the stomach, render the circulation of the blood even, and keep your head as clear as though you had never possessed an ounce of superflous flesh.—*Old advertisement*

Each month the Traveler presents on this page an available house which it considers typifies the best in county living. Please note that no commission or other compensation accrues to the Traveler, and no particular broker is favored. For information on the home pictured here, consult your local real-estate agent.



Bucks County TRAVELER'S

HOME OF THE MONTH

OF true Dutch architecture, Heather Hall stands impressively at the end of a five-hundred-foot driveway, edged on both sides with beautiful maple trees. The basic beauty of the one-hundred-thirty-five-year-old main house has been retained. The twenty-two inch stone walls are completely insulated, making the rooms easy to heat during the time of winter winds and delightfully cool in the summer.

The living room is thirty-two feet long, a room of grace and beauty to satisfy the most discriminating hostess. The third floor provides three gracious bedrooms for week-end guests.

Details which will interest the seeker of beauty combined with comfort are the six fireplaces, the boy's bedroom with big closets and storage drawers for his toys, a breakfast bay overlooking the gardens and rolling hills, a corner cupboard of pure Dutch design, the wide center-hall with its curving staircase to the third floor and the paneled oak library with a fieldstone fireplace and shelf capacity for fifteen hundred books.

There are delightful servant's quarters of two bedrooms and bath.

The grounds are landscaped to perfection with flower beds, dwarf boxwood, cherry and pear trees, white and pink dogwood, flaming japonica and many other shrubs. The twenty-by-forty swimming pool needs to be filled but once a season with its excellent filtering system.

There are one hundred fertile acres for farming with appropriate buildings and a comfortable farmer's house.

Heather Hall is for the man with a growing family, looking for a gracious home in the County with farm lands that have been showing a profit.

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OLD LETTERS!

Don't burn old letters! They may have real value. Did a relative serve in the Revolution or go West? If you have his letters or manuscripts, it will pay you to consult us. We buy and sell material written by presidents, famous pioneers, colonial authors, diplomats and statesmen; single fine items or large collections. Write and let us advise you.

Walter R. Benjamin

Est. 1887 *Autographs*

DEPT. 15, 18 EAST 77TH ST. N. Y. 21, N. Y.

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OLD TRAVELER

by Henry Freking

THE woodchuck, or to refer to this little rodent by its better known name, groundhog, is a small fat animal, 15 to 18 inches long, black and grizzly, that burrows under the ground and builds a home of several rooms (including above all things its own bathroom) connected with each other by long hallways.

At the beginning of winter it selects one of these rooms to pass the time in a dormant state. There it remains until February 2nd when it comes out of its burrow after its hibernation, and by popular superstition prophetizes the weather. Most of us almost human mortals accept the old superstition that if the little fellow sees his shadow when he emerges, there will be six more weeks of winter.

Just 21 years ago **William S. Troxell** of Allentown, a feature writer for the Allentown Morning Call whose stories are all told and printed in Pennsylvania Dutch, organized the first Groundhog Lodge, named Die Grundsow Lodge. Its members were all Pennsylvania Dutch. Since that time he has organized nine Grundsow Lodges in Pennsylvania. Two of these are in Bucks County, in Quakertown and Dublin. Quakertown Lodge is known as On-Da Dohecken No. 4, meaning it is on the Tohickon Creek. Dublin, the last lodge organized, is No. 9. All members are Pennsylvania Dutchmen and only that language is permitted to be spoken at the meetings which are held once a year, either on the evening before Groundhog Day or on February 2nd. Grundsow Lodges are purely fun-loving institutions and there is no prescribed formula as to what course the fun takes.

In the Quakertown Grundsow Lodge meeting, the evening is given over to music by Die Muehlbariger orchestra, singing by Die Schwillie Willies quartette, stories both hot and otherwise told in Pennsylvania Dutch, and best of all, a dinner or feast of Pennsylvania Dutch dishes, including sweets and sours. The amazing part is that no liquor is served or permitted to be brought to the meeting. There is a knife, fork and spoon at each plate, but if any member is caught eating with his fork he is considered a snob.

Dessert served is Schnitz Boi, an old-fashioned pie made of dried apples. All silverware is removed but the knives to insure that every member will eat his pie in true Pennsylvania Dutch style, by picking it up in his hand or eating it with his knife.

James A. Angstadt of Quakertown is Die Habtmon of On-Da Dohicken No. 4, **Eli Fretz** is Die Scrieber and **Russell Yoder** is Die Gelthaver. After the meeting adjourns, members are permitted to go where they please. Where the thirsty ones go is anybody's guess.

• •

THE origin of Saint Valentine's Day is not known, but we do know that **Esther Howland** of Worcester, Mass., received a valentine from a friend in England in February, the year of 1847. "Why not have a Saint Valentine's Day in America and give valentines to our friends and the ones we love?" asked Miss Howland.

So she became the first maker of valentines here and Howland valentines and greeting cards are still being made in Worcester and sold in gift shops everywhere.

Miss Howland's first valentines were hand-made of English and French note paper and fashioned with paper lace from candy boxes and imported soap containers. She made more than five thousand that first year and sold them, too. Esther Howland was a graduate of Mt. Holyoke Seminary, and there she is toasted on St. Valentine's Day.

There are many collectors of old valentines, the largest collection being in the possession of the American Antiquarian Society of Boston.

If you are a collector you must know that if there is a date on any of them it adds to the value. Civil War valentines are rare and much sought after. Old homemade valentines, whether crude or exquisite, are also rare. Valentine's Day, like most holidays, has been highly commercialized during the present century. A valentine may be a letter of love or a proposal of marriage, a box of candy or you may "Say it with flowers".

Looking in a shop window which displayed lingerie, I recently saw a lady's undergarment with two blue birds, huddled close, with a card suggesting it would make an appropriate valentine for a "lady fair". I think it was Shakespeare who wrote that "on Valentine's Day all birds begin to mate". •

BUCKS COUNTY

One hundred Years ago Today in the Press

Being excerpts from the Bucks County Intelligencer and the Doylestown Democrat of that time

THE ice on the Delaware river opposite Yardleyville was cut through on Saturday last and found to be 24½ inches in thickness.

The telegraph line from New Hope towards Norristown, passing through this place, is being pushed forward energetically in spite of the severity of the weather. The poles have mostly been delivered and many of them erected on the Norristown State Road.

It is rumored that this line is being established by the Associated Press of New York in order to avoid the extortionate charges of the existing telegraph companies.

ATTENTION GUARDS!—THE DOYLESTOWN GUARDS will meet at CARVERSVILLE, in Solebury township, on FRIDAY, the 22nd of FEBRUARY at 10 o'clock A.M. to celebrate the birthday of the illustrious Washington, fully uniformed and equipped for parade. By order of the Captain.

JACOB SWARTZLANDER.

A Dangerous Highway—We have heard of a number of cases of persons being upset by the heavy snowdrifts on the Doylestown and Willow Grove Turnpike, just below the gas-works in this place. One man, who was returning from market, being upset and thrown from his sleigh, we have been informed, took measures to bring suit against the Company for not keeping their road in good order, while they continued to take toll from passengers.

INK

THE subscriber having purchased the Patent Right for Bucks County, for the manufacture and sale of M. J. Cook's Patent Premium Commercial and Indelible INK, all orders will be thankfully received, and promptly executed, for any quantity, wholesale or retail, from 6¼ cts. bottles up to a barrel at 75 cents per gallon.

Ye Scribes who want good INK to write,
Send on your names in black and white;
Send on your orders with the CHINK,
And you shall have the best of INK!!

LEWIS C. PAXSON, near New Hope, Pa.

A Sleigh Upset and Runaway—On Tuesday evening last, a large sleigh—the stage line between Gwynedd and Doylestown—containing twelve or fourteen passengers, upset in passing over a snowdrift on the road between Barndtsville and Doylestown near the New Britain Meeting House, scattering passengers and driver in all directions. The horses took fright and escaped from the driver, leaving all hands standing in the snow, to make their way to Doylestown the best they could.

The driver, minus his hat, gave chase after the horses and sleigh, but after a mile heat, with his bare head striking the cold air, yielded to the superiority of horseflesh. One of the passengers, a lady, had her face slightly bruised by the upsetting of the sleigh. This was all the injury sustained by the mishap with the exception of some suffering from the intense cold before the passengers found shelter.

The horses having things all their own way, struck off for Doylestown at about two forty pace, keeping the road very well. They came into our Borough in fine style and after cutting up some antics were secured. The sleigh and horses were not injured by the fast run. They came in contact with a sleigh on the road, tearing off part of the sleigh box for a gentleman travelling in the opposite direction. He gave as much road as possible, but the fugitive nags made a close shave of it and somewhat disturbed his quarters.

WOOL CARDING, SPINNING, &c., done in the best manner and on the most reasonable terms by the subscriber at JENKS FULLING MILL, two miles south-east from NEWTOWN.

JOHN CAMPBELL.

Hard on the Millers—The protracted cold weather has very much interfered with the millers on the smaller streams in this county—and in fact, nearly all the mills driven by water power have experienced more or less difficulty. On some of the streams the water has been frozen up to the bottom, and the mills, where the water has been sufficient, have had their water wheels clogged with ice. The advantage of steam for the propulsion of mills is shown with full force during these cold and icy times.

What in the World is the Matter?

Why the North Pennsylvania Railroad is not done and dear knows when it will be!—But if you call at Mr. AARON KRATZ'S, on the Easton Road, ¼ mile below Plumsteadville, Bucks County, you will find a general assortment of PLEASURE CARRIAGES for sale, such as Jenny Linds, Falling Tops, Carryalls and Sulkeys, also heavy Wagons for carting. A general assortment of one and two horse SLEIGHS, ready finished in the best of style and workmanship; also Silver and brass mounted HARNESS, single and double, made of the best of materials; also PLOWS and FARMING UTENSILS. And now a word to the public—I don't intend to blow or make a great humbug. I have been in the business for the last seven years, all I ask, call and see. Thanks for past favors. Every article shall give satisfaction as it is recommended or no sale.

AARON KRATZ.

The Greatest Excitement Yet!

BEEK'S Exhibition no comparison to the excitement!!! Walton's large assortment of Magee's unrivalled VALENTINES, Comic and Sentimental. The cheapest ever offered in the County are creating. Call and see them at the Telegraph Office, formerly Gen. Bryan's Printing Establishment, Main Street, 4 doors below Garren & Vail's Clothing Store. Valentines from 2 cents to $1.50 each.

THE subscribers have constantly on hand a supply of all kinds of Anthracite Coal, for Limeburners, Manufacturers, Blacksmiths and Families, for sale at the lowest rates, with a deduction of 2½ per cent for cash. Interest will be charged after three months credit.

Lumberville, Pa.–FISHER & SWALLOW.

Friends Prizer & Darlington:—On referring to a meteorological table in my possession, embracing a tolerably complete record since the year 1790 (except two years, 1847 & '48) it appears that the month of January just passed has been the coldest on record, being a mean of 22 degrees.

The coldest months of January previously were those of 1852 which had a mean of 24½ and 1840 whose mean was 24.

The warmest months of January were those of 1790, whose mean was 44, when it is recorded that the boys frequently bathed in the rivers Delaware and Schuylkill, and the mercury often rose to 70 in the shade and the year 1793, the mean was 40—and more recently, in the years 1843 and '45 it was 38.

If any of your readers would furnish you or me with a monthly record of those two years viz; '47 and '48, I should feel myself under obligation to reciprocate for the favor.

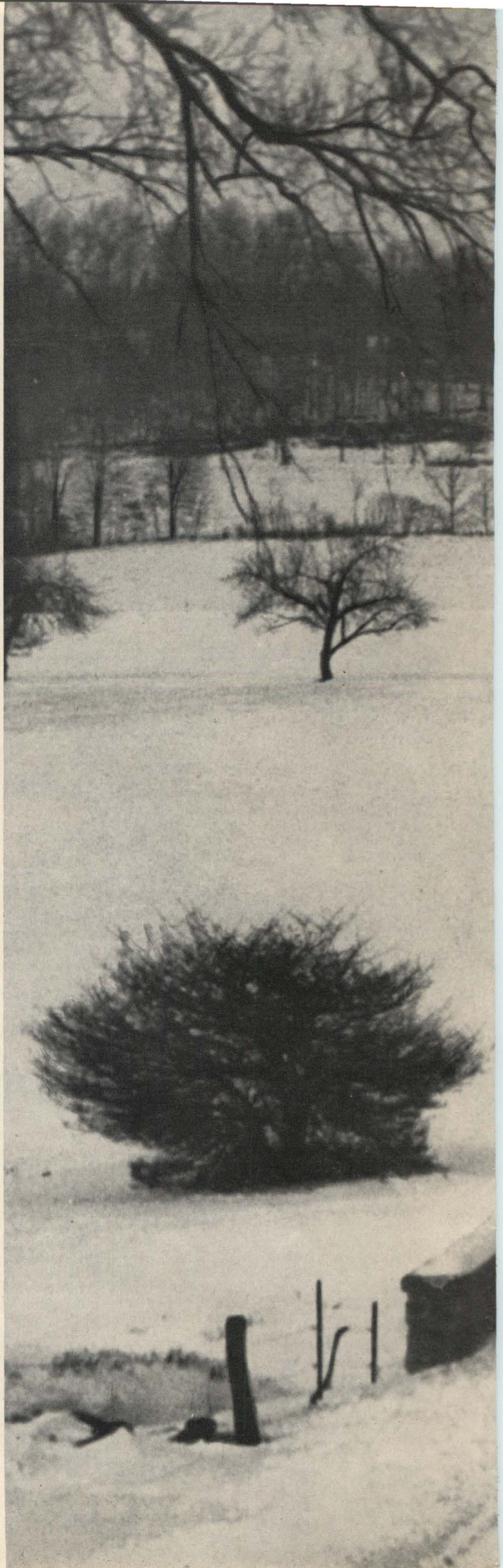
Fallsington, Pa. E.H.

Store Robbery—We learn that the store of James Gains, at Pennsville in this county was broken into and robbed of a considerable amount of goods and some change in the drawer. Among articles stolen were: 1 pair cassimer pants, $6; 2 pounds sewing silk, $12; 3 dozen silk handkerchiefs, $18; 1 dozen black silk cravats, $12 and $3 in 3 cent pieces and pennies.

Letter from Bristol—Anniversary of Washington's Birth Day—This important day in our country's history has usually been permitted to pass by unnoticed in this Borough. But a new era is now opening here since the formation of the "*Washington Cornet Band*". This Band has announced that they will celebrate this anniversary by giving their first concert on the evening of this day.

This Is
BUCKS COUNTY

A jingle of bells,
the smooth quick glide
of a light sleigh,
the squeak of shiny metal runners
behind a fine bay horse,
glossy coat steaming
in the frosty air,
velvet nostrils dilated
and hoofbeats muffled
in snow lying deep
on a back country road.
The echo of gay voices
in the frozen wooden tunnel
of an ancient covered bridge;
the warm robe, the cold cheek,
the happy prospect of a cheerful blaze
and a warming cup of cheer.
This is Bucks County
on an old-fashioned winter's afternoon.



our first president
traveled many local roads
in use today

HOUSES THAT KNEW WASHINGTON

by Sara Maynard Clark

GENERAL George Washington was approaching his 45th year when he crossed the Delaware in 1776 and captured Trenton. Although he never spent a birthday here, he crossed and recrossed Bucks County a number of times and bestowed eternal fame on a few houses where he slept or ate, and on a long departed chestnut tree that stood beside York Road in New Hope. Beneath this tree he confered with his generals, Stirling, Knox, Greene and Sullivan. From that day in 1776 until it was cut down November 28, 1893, it was known as "The Old Washington Tree".

On other occasions when Washington passed through Coryell's Ferry (New Hope), it is said he partook of tea at Maple Grove, the gracious home of the Paxsons on whose land the famous tree stood. Maple Grove is now owned by the Rhoads family; its grounds are adjacent to the New Hope High School.

The stone mansion that stands to this day on a high ground and lost by only two votes in Congress of becoming the nation's White House, was the first home in Bucks County honored by Washington's presence. Thomas Barclay had built Summerseat at Morrisville only three years before it became Washington's headquarters from December 8th to 14th, 1776. After the Revolution it was owned by Robert Morris and later became the home of George Clymer, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. After 1859 the illustrious house underwent abuse at the hands of various tenants who sold off the stately statuary, the handsome iron work and the guardian lions. It is said the lions now repose at the entrance to St. George's Hall in Philadelphia. Rooms where Washington and Lafayette had slept and where a grand ball was once held in honor of the latter were desecrated with whitewash.

By the end of the first World War the once beautiful mansion was entering its last stages of decay. The members of the newly organized American Legion bought the house and later sold it to the Morrisville Board of Education. It was restored as much as possible and, standing beside the Robert Morris High School, is used as an administration building and cafeteria. Bucks County schoolboys today eat in the very rooms where General Washington and Lafayette and other distinguished men once dined.

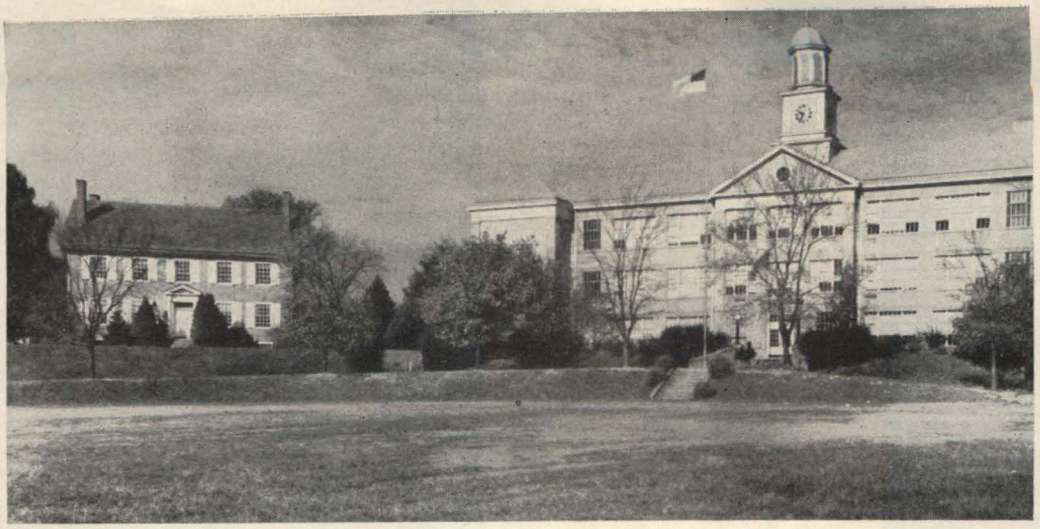
When Washington left Summerseat he went up the river to William Keith's farm near Jericho Mountain to be nearer the scene of the crossing activities. If Washington could revisit the old house today he wouldn't find it too greatly changed. It has grown and been improved through the long years, but the cozy room where he sat by the great fireplace is much the same as in December, 1776. The house is now the impressively beautiful home of Laura and James Rendall.

Through all the busy preparations and the traveling back and forth, Washington was sometimes a dinner guest at the Merrick house where Nathaniel Greene had his headquarters and where a council of war was held. It was just across the wintry fields from Mr. Keith's house. General Knox had quarters at Doctor Chapman's, now owned by Dr. Baldi, and General Sullivan at the Hayhurst house, now William E. Dudley's. Washington held many a conference in the Thompson-Neely house near the old grist mill at the foot of Bowman's Hill, preserved as a museum in the upper Washington Crossing Park. It was the headquarters of General William Alexander, the Earl of Stirling, probably the only titled Englishmen to fight on the side of the Continentals.

When the Continental Army returned to Pennsylvania from victory in Trenton, it brought 1000 Hessian prisoners, six brass field pieces, ammunition, stores and eight flags. The return was made by way of McKonkey's Ferry and Johnson's Ferry (Yardley). These spoils of war were taken to Newtown where the captured officers were quartered in the taverns and the soldiers in the Presbyterian church, the jail and other buildings. Later they were paraded through the streets of Philadelphia for the exhilarating effect it would have on wavering patriots. General Washington stayed briefly at the house of John Harris on the west side of the creek in Newtown. It is a moot question just which house once belonged to Harris, and whether it is still standing.

The next summer, from August 10th to 23rd, Washington made camp along the Little Neshaminy near Hartsville. Headquarters were set up in the house of Joseph and Hannah Moland, who had inherited the farm from their father. It is now owned by Andrew Di Dio and is known as Headquarters Farm. General Greene occupied the house across the road in front of which the whipping post was set up. It was here on August 20th that the dashing nineteen-year-old Marquis de Lafayette joined the Continental Army and received his commission of Major General. Here also the Polish Count Casimir Pulaski enlisted as a private, but so distinguished himself at the Battle of the Brandywine that he was made a Brigadier General and Commander of Cavalry.

Here at the Moland House Bucks County has the honor of the country's



Boys and girls of the Robert Morris High School in Morrisville eat in the same rooms where Washington and Lafayette once dined, historic Summerseat, which almost became the capitol of the nation.

first introduction to its new flag, the Stars and Stripes, adoped June 14, 1777 by Congress. It was delivered to Washington and unfurled for the first time at this encampment of 13,000 men on the Neshaminy. This flag accompanied the troops to the Brandywine into its first battle. Here Lafayette was wounded so severely he was transported through Bucks County to Bethlehem where he was cared for by the Moravians.

AFTER the dismal winter at Valley Forge, Washington's army came again to Bucks County. In June, 1778, six brigades under General Lee crossed the river at Coryell's Ferry and on June 20th Washington with his main army camped at Doylestown. The first brigade pitched their tents on the area southwest from the corner of State and Main Streets, where today stands a main business section of the town extending past the Doylestown Inn, Sears Roebuck down to the railroad station and including on south Main Street Pearlman's store and probably the Doylestown Agricultural Company. A log house bearing the sign "Cakes and Beer" was used as its headquarters. The second brigade camped where the Presbyterian Church now stands and the 3rd Brigade, with Washington, occupied the farm of Jonathan Fell a half-mile from Doylestown on the New Hope road. Records state that Washington's marquee was set up here for his headquarters. It is also known that he partook of refreshment at the Fountain House Inn.

There are many bronze plates placed by the Bucks County Historical Society along our county roads marking the routes of the Continental Army and other interesting historical memories of our land; next time you're out driving, slow up and read them.

The new Stars and Stripes first unfurled at the Moland House in 1777.

Courtesy Bucks County Historical Society

Scout Frank Shelly, Troop 24, Doylestown, blows taps at Dedication of the Bowman Hill Memorial Tower.

Photo by Charles Hargens

Bucks Scouts Land, Sea and Air

A county scout army 7,000 strong

HERE THEY COME! "Everybody out of step but Willie." All motivated by the same spirit—to BE PREPARED.

by Paul Marsh

NEARLY eight thousand Bucks Countians of all ages are involved in Boy Scouting. If they were all gathered together in one place, it would make a fair-sized Bucks County town. This does not include the many fathers who tote the boys back and forth to meetings or the mothers who push a steam-iron back and forth over uniforms so their sons may look spic-and-span. During the last seven years, there has been an increase of two hundred per cent in the number of boys who take the Boy Scout oath. Today there are 174 units with 5700 boys compared to 81 units with 1800 boys in 1949. The adult membership has reached 2200 including the den mothers who look after the 2750 Cubs.

To take care of this membership, the county is divided into four districts, each with a trained staff executive. Pennsbury, including Levittown and Bristol, under supervision of William Ross of Levittown, has 1650 boys; Playwicki, covering Morrisville, New town, Langhorne and Southampton, with George Porter of Richboro, has 1886 boys; Lenape, including Doylestown, Chalfont, New Hope and Plumsteadville, with Will Rogers of Doylestown, has 1224 boys; and Tohpendel

Washington Crossing Park where a thousand boys camp overnight and prove to doting parents that they can eat their own cooking and sleep under the stars without calling for help, thus putting into practice what they have learned under the supervision of their Scout Masters.

takes in Quakertown, Sellersville, Riegelsville and Milford, N. J. In this large northern area, William Knisley of Quakertown is the executive and he has 978 boys, but Raymond Hoxworth, Council Executive, feels that this part of the county will show a surprising growth in the next few years with a corresponding increase in the number of boys who will turn to scouting.

These executives must have had at least two years of college in addition to practical experience as scout leaders. Most of them started as Cubs and worked their way up through the ranks. Before they qualify as staff members, they take an intensive course at the National Training School in Mendham, New Jersey, to familiarize themselves with administrative work.

Mr. Hoxworth became a Boy Scout in 1912 and a professional worker in 1922. He came to Bucks County from the Valley Forge Council in 1943 and lives in Doylestown. He received good training in what it means to be a parent of youngsters interested in Scouting because his son and daughter were head-over-heels in it as soon as they reached Brownie and Cub age requirements.

EARLY in 1927, a group of Bucks Countians met at the Elks Home in Bristol to see what could be done about Boy Scouting in the County. Shortly thereafter the Bucks County Council was organized with Thomas B. Stockham, President, Thomas Ross, Vice-President, and Frederick Clymer, Treasurer. It was thought then that if boys were going to a camp, they should be sent as far away as possible. The committee traveled twenty-five hundred miles to find a suitable location, never once giving a thought to County possibilities which were right under their noses. They selected some land along the Raritan River at Flemington, N. J. The unpopularity of this camp taught the committee a lesson. In 1940, Camp Buccou was sold and Camp Ockanickon in Bucks County between Stover Park and Point Pleasant became the County Boy Scout camp; its success is evidenced by its constant use. Over twelve hundred boys camp each summer with eight hundred visitors around the Saturday night camp fires. Week-end campers during the winter average two hundred and fifty each month.

BOYS start out as Cubs at eight years of age under the capable and hard-working hands of the Den Mothers. When they have acquired sufficient skills, they escape from the apron-strings and many a Den Mother sighs with relief when she can relinquish her duties of keeping a group of active little boys busy at weekly meetings. Men leaders take over until the boys become fourteen and outgrow the title of "Boy Scout". Then they become Explorers, and their program broadens.

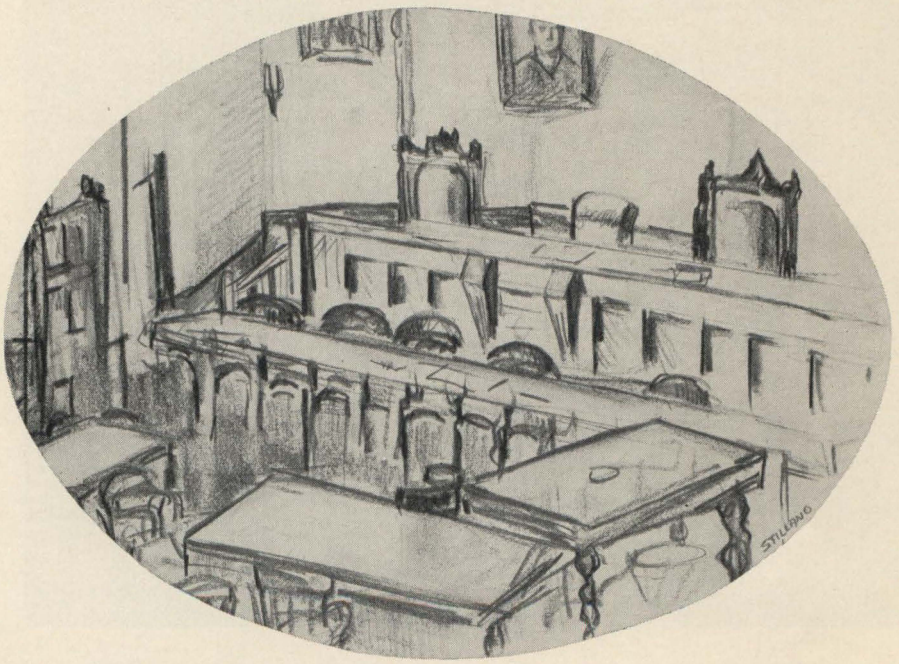
There are camping trips to Algonquin

(Continued on page 40)

There are other things besides the Great Outdoors — girls, for instance.

GOOD MORNING, JUDGE

by Cynthia Ann Baker



Drawing by Alex Stillano

THE envelope in the mail carries the words "From the Office of the Sheriff." Hastily you probe your memory to find out what you, your child or your dog have done. But all it turns out to be is a summons for you to appear at the County Courthouse in Doylestown on a certain Monday at 9:45 a.m. prepared to serve as a juror.

Don't think serving on a jury is purely a twentieth century procedure. The right to be tried by a jury has been highly prized since the twelfth century. Originally for criminal prosecutions only, in the sixteenth century it began to be a part of civil cases as well.

The very wording of the summons brings you out bright and early on Monday morning—"By virtue of a writ of *venire facias jurator*, to me directed, you are hereby summoned to be and appear before our Justice. . . ."

The Courthouse has been standing on Court Street in Doylestown since 1877, at that time regarded as elegant and commodious befitting the county's wealth and history. It cost nearly $100,000 when completed and furnished, replacing one built in 1813 with jail thrown in for $43,700.02. The first court of quarter sessions was held January 12, 1685, and the first grand jury was empanelled at the June term. Five justices were appointed, none of whom had any practical knowledge of administration of law, but they were presumed to be men of integrity and common sense. The majority of criminal cases were brought against indentured servants.

The defendant could not according to law employ a lawyer, but if he were unable to defend himself, he could have a friend or neighbor speak for him. A surprising number of "intimate friends" turned out to be Philadelphia lawyers. Lawyers were recognized about 1715 and have been at the elbows of their clients ever since.

Court convened for twenty years in Bristol, the first county seat until Newtown was made the seat of justice in 1725. Paddy Hunter, one of the jailers there, kept a bar and sold rum in the prison office, where prisoners with money could always buy. The next move came in 1813 when Doylestown became the county seat. The growth of population can be traced by the movement of the court, as sessions were held in the most populous centers for the convenience of people connected with the court. Before 1784, all the township constables had to attend quarter sessions. To emphasize the dignity of the court, and to throw the fear of the law into potential wrongdoers, these men marched into the courtroom armed with staves, preceded by the sheriff, and stood at attention until recess, when they marched out again. Since this demonstration of force, a considerable hardship to the constables and an added expense to taxpayers, proved obviously no deterrent to county crime, it was finally abandoned.

FOR years when court convened many spectators came in, some to escape the weather, some to rest their weary feet, others to hear those lawyers whose picturesque courtroom behavior made them popular favorites. One attorney, slightly hard of hearing, would cup his hand behind his ear and pretend he couldn't hear a word. Every bit of testimony would have to be repeated, as were the questions of the opposing attorney, who would lose his temper and start shouting; whereupon the other lawyer would turn an aggrieved face towards the jury, the spectators and finally the judge, making an impassioned speech to the effect that his small disability was being ridiculed and that his dear colleague was embarrassing him by shouting at him. Murmurs of laughter would sweep the courtroom and the judge, who had been through this scene many times, would say in his stern voice, "Please proceed!"

A story is told about Judge Thomas Burnside, who presided over the Doylestown Court about 1838 when apparently court sessions had grown lax in dignity. He wished to have a witness sworn but found his clerk rendered somewhat obtuse by liquor and looking about for his court crier, he discovered him slumped down in his chair, sound asleep. His Honor decided to swear his own witness but could not find a testament. He rose from his chair and in stentorian voice delivered a classic and unsolicited opinion, "This is one hell of a court,—the clerk drunk, the crier asleep and no testament about!"

IF you enter the courthouse from Main Street, you follow signs down some steps into the basement, then down a long corridor ending at a sign directing women to the left and men to the right. There you find a large room lined with lockers and rows of seats. A lady tip-

staff in a smart blue unitorm with gold buttons asks you to sit down. There is a hum of conversation as the ladies ask each other if they have ever served on a jury, and there is a hasty puffing at last-minute cigarettes. A jolly-looking man comes in carrying a long sheet of paper. He calls the roll and there is much craning of necks as women respond to their names. Presumably the same thing happens in the room reserved for the men. At the sound of a gong, the lady tipstaff and a man tipstaff lead their charges back down the long corridor, up the steps, around some corners and into the courtroom. The jurors try very hard to be dignified and most circumspect as they are directed to take seats on the tiers of benches arranged in a semi-circle facing the elevated platform where the judges sit. There is no mingling of the sexes as the jurors take their seats—women on one side of an aisle and men on the other. The tipstaffs look very solemn and you sit as still as if you were in church.

The tipstaffs have many duties, not the least of which is to see that their charges, the jurors, do not make blunders which would upset the decorum of the court. They are usually retired men and women who have been recommended to the judges. They take messages, bring water to the attorneys, straighten chairs, move the juries from one court to another and generally make themselves useful. There are nine at the present time, headed by Gideon S. Gehman, Chief Tipstaff, Walter J. Shambough, Joseph F. Hafler, J. Warren Angeny, John R. Young, Ethel Van Sant, Frances A. Wipred, Harry B. Kappauf and Thomas Hart. One of the men said being a tipstaff was a lot more interesting than staying home and talking to himself.

There seems to be considerable confusion as attorneys have last-minute conferences with each other and with their clients. Men and women come in, slip off their coats, find seats and form little groups on the benches. The sheriff, C. LeRoy Murray, or his deputy, Lovedon Harrison, takes an elevated seat at the center aisle. As the minute hand of the clock approaches the hour of ten, there is an expectant hush. A tipstaff watches a door, the door opens, a signal is given. The Court Cryer strikes a block of wood three sharp blows, the three judges, Hon. Edward G. Biester, Hon. Edwin H. Satterthwaite and Hon. I. Louis Rubin file in dressed in black flowing gowns with wide full sleeves. The people stand while the judges walk up the steps and take their places at the highbacked ornate chairs cushioned in crimson leather.

The Court Crier's sonorous voice rings out in the silence, *"O YEZ, O YEZ, O YEZ,* all you good people who have Aught to do before the Honorable, the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Court of Oyer and Terminer and general Jail Delivery, and the Orphans' Court, herein this day holden, in and for the County of Bucks, draw near, give your attention and ye shall be heard. God save the Commonwealth and this Honorable Court." His mallet descends once, the people are seated and court is convened. Clarence Danenhower, familiarly known as "Unk", is blessed with just the right tones in his voice to repeat these words which have been handed down to us.

One by one attorneys approach the bench, hands full of papers, to talk to the judges. Unfortunately, the jurors cannot hear a word that is being said. They see papers being passed back and forth from attorneys to the clerks, seated at a long table, they see the judges' faces light up with appreciative smiles or frown with concentration before they give a nod to signify that whatever the attorney has been asking is granted. These proceedings are probably none of their business, but the lack of good acoustics has long been the bane of the people who use the courthouse. When it was first finished, it was discovered that a very annoying echo could be heard and in 1882, John Donnelly was paid $650 to do something about it. He came up with the installation of a huge brass gong from the center chandelier with smaller gongs at the angles of the room, all connected with a complicated system of wires. Obviously this did not work because in 1884, drapes were hung from the central dome. When the windows were opened, the drapes fluttered and the accumulated dust made sneezing commonplace. The drapes were removed, the echo disappeared of its own accord, but hearing is still a problem.

Then the first case requiring a jury is called, the District Attorney, Donald W. VanArtsdalen, or deputy and the defending lawyer call their clients and witnesses to separate tables in front of the jury box and the judges' bench. Briefcases are opened, papers spread out. scrutinized, shuffled and reshuffled.

The Clerk of Quarter Sessions, H. Lamont Marsh, unlocks a fairly large wooden box which is in front of him. The lid is a replica of the jury box itself and the seats for the alternates. A compartment contains 120 tiny paper cylinders. The clerk unrolls a cylinder, calls out a number and a name. That juror finds his way down the aisle as the tipstaff calls out, "Take your place in the box, please." The clerk re-rolls the cylinder and places it in a clip corresponding to the seat the juror has taken. Twelve people are thus seated in the box, which isn't a box at all, but two rows of red leather chairs, six in a row. As each name is called, the two attorneys scrutinize the juror as he makes *his way* forward and sits down, check the name and number against a printed list. As the Court Clerk has been calling out the names, a deputy clerk has been filling a long sheet of paper with the names and the numbers of the jurors' chairs.

The Court Crier approaches the District Attorney who looks the list over and runs his eyes over the faces of the jurors. The list is then handed to the defending lawyer who does the same thing. The jurors now know how exhibitors of horses feel when the show judges pass down the line deciding who gets the ribbons. The defending attorney crosses out a name. The Court Crier says, "Pick another, Mr. Clerk." Now it is the District Attorney's turn and he crosses out a name. This goes on until both men are satisfied (if they ever are) that the jury will be composed of people most favorable to the case in hand. These newly selected people have chairs in a row just in front of the public benches. The Court Crier says, "As I call your names you will retire" and very self-consciously the men and women get up from their soft leather chairs, feeling they have for some unknown reason been found wanting, and return to their original seats.

The Court Clerk shifts his cylinders around so he has the twelve proper jurors in their seats and the cylinders representing the rejected ones are returned to the compartment for a chance in the next jury called. The cylinders of the chosen twelve are wrapped with a sheet of paper indicating the case and the presiding judge and put aside until the case has been resolved and the jurors returned to the benches.

This jury led by a tipstaff and followed by the attorneys, their clients and witnesses troop out of the court room to another room where the case will be heard.

This process is repeated until three juries have been selected, the last jury remaining in the courtroom.

The challenging of members of a jury does not depend entirely on the whim of the attorneys. The printed list used indicates the occupations and home towns of the jurors. A man being tried before a jury with seven men from his home town would not expect to get an unbiased verdict, whether favorable or not; truck drivers would find it difficult to sentence a colleague. Aside from this, attorneys feel by looking at a person that they can tell whether he will be the desirable type for the particular case, and become very perceptive as they gain experience in court. Verbal challenging is used in cases where a man's life is at stake, but in the majority

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Courtesy of Jacob Fretz

FRETZES

By The Thousand

dining tables 200 feet long

by Betty Reid

BEFORE 1708, John, Christian and Mark Fretz, brothers, lived near the city of Manheim, Grand Duchy of Baden, Germany. They were members of the Mennonite Church there. About this time the "last persecution" took place which forced these serious young men to choose between their faith and their homeland. They came to America where they had been told there was religious freedom for all. It is not known on what ship they sailed or at what port they landed. Mark died and was buried at sea. It is thought that John settled first in Montgomery County where he married Hans Meyer's daughter Barbara, and thus the two pioneering families of Meyer and Fretz were joined.

About 1737, John bought 230 acres of land for 106 pounds from Bartholomew Longstreth one mile northeast of Bedminsterville. The old homestead is still standing and is owned by H. Lloyd Ott, who was the step-son of J. Franklin Fretz, a direct descendant. Orchards now cover the gentle slopes on the land where Weaver John toiled and raised his family. Christian settled in Tinicum Township on Tinicum Creek.

John married a second time and when he died in 1772, his will read in part ". . . . . .I give unto my beloved wife, Maria, one hundred pounds lawful money to be paid out of my estate and to be put out at interest and my wife shall have the interest yearly during her natural life or so long she remains my widow. . ." Weaver John apparently was much concerned whether Maria would remarry because he made various other stipulations for her lifetime, limiting each one with the words "while she remains my widow". He left her a house, stable, meadowland sufficient to keep two cows, one of which she could select from his herd, yearly payment of 11 bushels of good grain, half wheat and half rye from his farm, yield from an acre of buckwheat, ½ acre of flax and a row of appletrees. Maria could take with her a bed, clothes and furniture belonging to the bed, one iron pot, two pails, all household goods she had brought with her as a bride. She had the liberty to cut all the firewood she needed and to use the garden near her home, all this with the understanding she would have nothing if she were to remarry. Our widows fare better in modern times.

John, the son of Weaver John, married Mary Kolb of Tinicum Township. He owned and ran a mill on the Tohickon in Haycock Township. When he was seventy, in 1800, he emigrated to Canada and took his entire family with the exception of daughter Barbara who had married Jacob Silvius. This trip was a strenuous one, the older people riding in wagons with the more agile walking or on horseback. Mrs. Hipple, one of the daughters, carried her child all the way on foot. They had to make their own roads through the forests, ford the numerous streams and supplement their food supplies with game. Perhaps John thought the land around Bedminster was becoming too crowded. A story is told of him while he was still in the County. In the early days of the Revolution, the patriot army collected guns from the men whose religion prevented their taking up arms. When John was asked for his gun, he replied, "Yes, you can have my gun, but I'll keep hold of the butt end of it". He was willing to give away any of his possessions providing he kept his hand firmly on them.

SOME stories of the Fretz family have been handed down through the ten generations. The first Christian Fretz owned a very fine horse. The

Indians wanted that horse but Christian would not sell. They came at night and stole it. He followed them until he came upon their camp. When all was quiet in the wigwams, he stole his horse back again and rode away. The Indians admired his courage and left him alone thereafter, feeling he was as good a horse thief as they were.

One of Christian's sons also owned a fine horse. A foraging group from Washington's army came to the Fretz farm. When young Fretz saw an officer's eyes gleam covetously as he looked at the horse, the boy flung himself on the horse and galloped towards Haycock Mountain. The officer mounted and rode after him but Fretz quickly outwitted him and hid. Knowing full well that the officer would return some day, the boy rode into the encampment at Newtown and demanded to see the general. He explained the situation and the general, knowing how young boys can give their hearts to a horse, gave him a written order that he should retain his beloved companion.

The story is told of Abraham Fretz that he was approached by a buyer who wished to buy one of his fine cows. Fretz doubled the value to discourage the man. Nothing daunted, he paid the asking price and drove the cow away. Fretz talked the transaction over with his wife and they decided it was "usury" to keep the money, which, to their simple Mennonite faith, was a sin. Abraham saddled a horse and rode after the man and gave half the purchase money back to him saying, "I don't want to have my soul damned for a cow".

THE first family reunion took place in September 1888 in a grove adjacent to the Fretz homestead near Bedminster where more than five hundred descendants of this family registered from Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kansas, New Jersey and the District of Columbia. The oldest descendant was Mrs. Susan Funk of Line Lexington, who was eighty-six years old. Ministers of the gospel were Rev. Allen M. Fretz of Bedminster, Rev. Abraham Fretz of Milton, N. J., and Rev. Enos Loux of Dublin. The medical profession was represented by Dr. Harvey Kratz, New Britain, Dr. A. F. Myers, Blooming Glen, Dr. O. H. Fretz, Quakertown, Dr. A. N. Fretz, Berks County, Dr. C. D. Fretz and his son Dr. Alfred E. Fretz, Sellersville, founders of Grandview Hospital, and Dr. John H. Fretz of Hagersville. J. Freeman Hendricks, a lawyer of Doylestown, and the County Superintendent of Schools, W. H. Slotter, were also among the descendants. A table 180 feet long groaned with food brought by the ladies of the family. Another reunion in 1893 brought out two thousand and the one in 1898 when Mahlon M. Fretz was owner of the homestead found twenty-five hundred kinfolk gathered to greet each other. This time the table had been extended to two hundred feet.

Rev. Allen M. Fretz became the first president of the reunion and held office from 1888 until his death in 1943. The reunions were held every five years in the Fretz grove until it was cut down about 1900. For a few years they were held at Tohickon Park (originally a farm of Enos Fretz), then at Perkasie Park and now they are held annually on the second Saturday in August at the Deep Run New Mennonite Church.

William Fretz of Pipersville was made president in 1943 and Jacob R. Fretz, Lansdale, son of Rev. Allen Fretz, has held this position since 1946.

Apparently there has been little change in the spelling of the Fretz name, although there was some indication that it might have been Bretz at one time as there are people of this name living in the area of Germany from which the family came. At least three generations passed after the family settled in America before any of the Fretz men took up the professions. They were farmers and weavers. It was a common saying in the townships where they lived that wherever there was a good farm, someone related to Fretz owned it.

Joseph H. Fretz left the Bedminster homestead at the age of fourteen determined to make his fortune at something other than tilling the ground. Apparently he was quite successful because in 1900 when he was 24 years old, he bought the Fountain House in Doylestown at a cost of $65,000 and to the delight of the travelers and proud residents of the county seat, installed steam heat and electric lighting, a decided innovation for county inns. His wife was Elizabeth Zoller, and they had two daughters, Grace and Helen. He was known far and wide as a most genial and popular host.

Dr. Clayton D. Fretz, born on the homestead in 1844 was known for his collection of plants and flowers. Practicing general medicine in Sellersville, he stopped along the country roads to find new specimens in the nearby woods and fields. He added many new and rare plants to the known flora of the County and over forty new ones to the records of the State of Pennsylvania. His final personal collection numbered

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TRIANGLE ON THE SQUARE

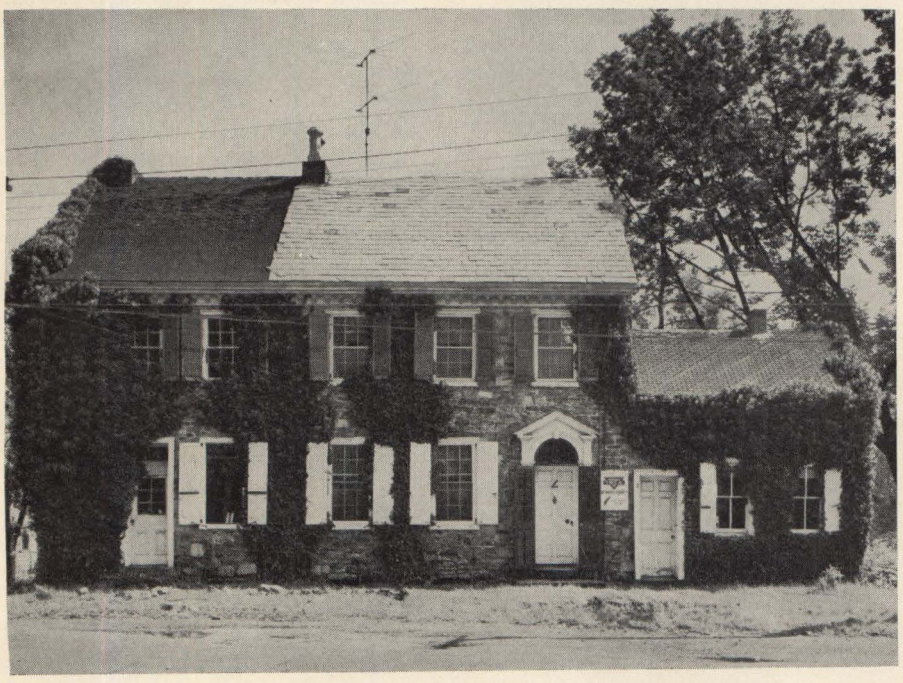
putting the Y in count

by Janet Smith

A YWCA in the country—who ever thought of such a thing? Girls and women can be as lonesome in the country as in the city and can complain just as bitterly of having nothing to do. Our earliest memories of the Young Women's Christian Association have been solid and austere brownstone buildings in the middle of a city block, where young women bent on improving themselves either physically or mentally could meet other young women with the same worthy ideals in mind. Mothers who allowed their daughters to go to wicked cities would make sure they stayed in well-chaperoned cubicles on the upper floors. Girls watching their pennies would always be assured of a meal at a reasonable price in the cafeterias managed by women who planned menus for proper nourishment and added a bit of color with dashes of paprika on the cottage cheese.

Times have changed and now Bucks County can boast of the first completely new pattern of YWCA operation. Housing areas are being moved out from the city, especially in Bucks County, and naturally the women and girls come too. For semi-rural areas with broad and even distribution of population and without specific and large urban centers, many city associations had to start thinking about a decentralized program, and turned to the National Advisory staff for advice on the best way to go about it. Newly built up areas wanted to know how to start a YWCA. Unfortunately the specialists didn't have the answers because there wasn't any place it had been done. The National Headquarters at 600 Lexington Avenue in New York began to wonder if Bucks County wasn't just the testing ground they were looking for. It seemed to have all the conditions they wanted to know how to work under, and was close enough to keep in touch with just what went on as it was happening.

Lippincott Mansion on Meetinghouse Square in Fallsington where the sign of the Blue Triangle indicates that Bucks County girls and women now have a meeting place of their own.



In the summer of 1953, a retired national staff member living in Trenton, Blanche Best, was pressed back into service to find out if the women of Bucks wanted to be a combination of pioneers and guinea pigs and at the same time acquire a YWCA of their own. The women of Bucks have never been backward about trying something new, so when the question was put to a group of them at a luncheon in Fairless Hills, they agreed enthusiastically, and the "Bucks County Project" was launched.

It was hard to tell what would be a central location and suitable office and program space was scarce. A second floor corner of the William Penn Center in Fallsington was rented and the YW blue triangle went up on the door. In September of '53, Elizabeth Lamborn, a professional staff worker with a new master's degree in social group work and extensive program experience became the Executive Director. Blanche Dixon was installed as office secretary.

Very soon the staff and a group of women who volunteered to help were ready to announce the first program. Everyone in Bucks has his own favorite paper, so publicity had to go in all the local newspapers as well as those of Trenton and Philadelphia. By December there was a group of young women coming to the Center on Wednesday mornings, their pre-school children in tow, to have a congenial cup of coffee and to do interesting things together. The children had a time for themselves in the nursery while the women exulted in the first chance they'd had since moving into the area to get out and do something they wanted to do. Baby-sitting grandmothers had not come along with the families and regular sitters were both scarce and expensive. The notion comes upon most housewives occasionally that they just must get out of their homes, much as they love them; where would

Dorothea MacDowell, YWCA executive, who is bringing her unusual experience to the girls and women of Bucks County with the little green jeep which will soon become a familiar sight on the roads as she travels about taking the YW to many communities.

YW-Wives enjoying a get-together at the home of Mrs. Virginia Olp, Fairless Hills. Mrs. Olp is secretary of the YW Board of Directors. Finding baby-sitters is no problem for these wives. They just pack up their pre-school age children and take them along to the meetings.

be a pleasanter place to go than to a YWCA center?

THIS started work on half of the YW's purpose of providing programs for women and girls. Next came the Y-Teens—the clubs for girls twelve and over. School programs were already crowded into half days in most buildings which didn't leave much time or space for a club to meet. They congregated in living rooms, basements, firehouses, or any other place they could get permission to use. One bobbysocks "silent sit-down" outside the manager's office gained the Lacey Park group use of the housing project's recreation room.

A place to meet is always a problem. In January, Barbara Barrus was added to the staff as a part-time Health and Recreation Director. Several Slimnastics and Modern Dance classes were started. A group of fifteen women from the Newportville area had their daily dozen instruction in the Fergusonville Community Center which consisted of one small room with a coal stove for heat. The cement floor was a little cold but the gals brought blankets to put down over it. They went from Slimnastics to Charm to Archery and now are a YW-Wives group of Newportville, meeting monthly and sponsoring both Junior and Senior Y-Teen clubs.

AT Christmas time in YW's around the world, it is traditional to have an all-association program called the "Hanging of the Greens". In Bucks County it was a family party, held in the large meeting rooms of the William Penn Center. As it turned out, those who came more than filled the two large rooms. The children making the decorations for the large tree impatiently waited for the arrival of Santa Claus and the refreshments. Everybody from baby to grandparent approved and so the Bucks County YWCA acquired its first tradition.

By January there were quite a few people active in the programs, but the Membership Committee wanted to spread the word a little further. Usually some program is arranged to bring the women to the YW, but after discussion it was decided to take the YW to the women instead. A whole series of Membership Desserts were set up as get-togethers in someone's living room after lunch or after dinner. The hostess invited neighborhood friends she thought might be interested. One of the members of the Provisional YW Board came to explain just what this organization, new to Bucks County, was all about and to find out from them what should be the next new project. The results were more members and enough ideas were developed to supply the Program Committee with food for thought for some time to come.

All along the experiment was the subject of discussion and observation. National officials kept dropping in as they were passing through. At one New York meeting progress reports were given on three new organizations—Bucks County, one in South Africa and one in Japan. There were articles about Bucks in the YWCA national magazine and the Woman's Home Companion. At the Eastern Regional Conference in Buffalo everybody wanted to know how things were going with the "yearlings".

BY April the century-old National Organization felt this unusual child that they had fostered had grown up enough to become a full-fledged YWCA. At the first members' meeting in the Fairless Hills Community Center a member of the National Board pre-

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Gray and maroon uniforms are as pleasing to the eye as the songs to the ear.

On Wings of Song

by James H. Perkins

THE Lavelle Aircraft Corporation started in Newtown in October of 1940, and the original stockholders were local people who dug down in their pockets to finance a home-town industry. Thomas Lavelle, president of the company, had a deep faith in his ideal—a small factory in a small town. His varied experience with aircraft and his keen mechanical mind brought government contracts pouring over his desk. When the Second World War was over, Lavelle beat his swords into plowshares and began the manufacture of agricultural equipment. War came in Korea and Lavelle Aircraft by remachining and extending floor space were in a position to keep their skilled workmen busy on parts for our fighting planes. In peacetime again, they were able to secure sufficient contracts for newly designed aircraft parts to keep a force of 150 men at work.

IF you pause for a moment near the Neshaminy Valley Youth Center in Newtown on Wednesday evenings, you will hear the rumble of basses, the tenderness of tenors, the lilting sweetness of sopranos and the warmth of altos blending in harmony. You will be listening to the Lavelle Choir at their weekly practice under the directorship of Richard M. Royer of Yardley.

Members of Lavelle Chorus looking over a score. Left to right: Beth Oberndorfer, Jim Roberts, George Walker, Adie Cornell and Dick Royer.

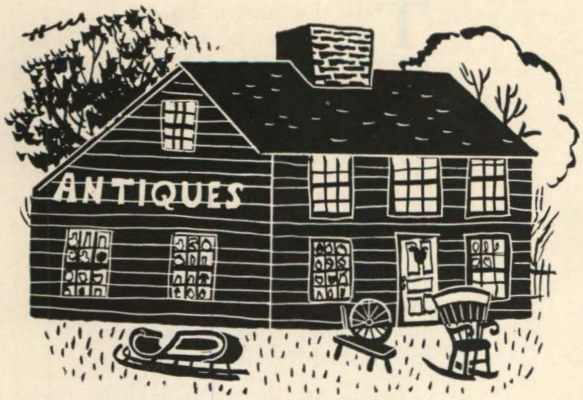
Starting in at the tender age of six to study piano, Royer has been active in music ever since. While in the service, he organized talent shows and directed the Cadet Choir at Corpus Christi. Out of service, he studied conducting under Thomas Moore at Columbia Univeristy, was student director of the college chorus at Murray State College and had a two-hour show of his own on Station WNBS. In 1954, Royer attended a Fred Waring Workshop at Shawnee to learn more about choir directing and choral arrangements. He has a busy life between his work at Newtown Friends School and keeping the Lavelle Choir rehearsing for the many performances they give before the public.

Formed originally to entertain their fellow workers and families at Lavelle Aircraft affairs, the choir has advanced musically to where it is willing to tackle almost any score. During the holiday season, they gave Richard Worthing's Christmas Cantata six times in two weeks. This is a half-hour program broken at intervals by the reading of the Christmas story. James H. Perkins, personnel manager of the Lavelle Corporation, has had some experience with the Langhorne players and he undertook to find a minister who could read the familiar words dramatically enough not to be over-shadowed by the powerful music. Unhappily he found that without the personality of the minister to help, the lovely words became a dull drone when played back on the tape recorder. Being versatile, he became a dramatic coach until he had a recording which satisfied him.

SO far the choir has given over thirty performances in Bucks County and nearby communities and they welcome any invitations to sing which will help some worthwhile cause. As a nonprofit organization, it cannot accept payment for public appearances. However, the members have selected the Newtown Community Welfare Council as the recipient of any donations which come their way. The proceeds from the first major program at the Pennsbury Auditorium with Robert Rounseville as a guest soloist were the first contribution to the Welfare Council.

Mr. Perkins goes along with the choir when they travel and makes it his business to look after the lighting arrangements, to check the singers' maroon and gray uniforms and to see that the men and girls get on the rented bus for the trip home. When churches or Parent and Teachers Associations have the chorus, there is usually a party after the performance and often the members are having such a gay social time that it is difficult to drag them away. After two young ladies were almost left behind, he double-checks his choir before the bus leaves for the long drive home.

Membership in the group has never been restricted to Lavelle employees and Mr. Royer is always on the lookout for more good voices. So if you are addicted to singing in the shower, you might like to drop over to the Youth Center in Newtown some Wednesday night and see what it is like to sing with this enthusiastic group.



The Antique Hunter

by Constance A. Ward

new york show draws local antique dealers

INTRODUCING our story on antiques, we ran two antiques pictures in our COUNTY CHECKERBOARD picture-feature in the December issue of the Traveler. One of these showed a Bucks County exhibitor in the big D.A.R. Antiques Show in Alexandria, Virginia, the other was a **Bob Stevens** candid-camera shot of a group of people at a country sale in the County, and we hoped that the readers might be able to identify "the dismayed-looking gentleman" in the center of this one. **Mary McGroggan** of **The Wishing Well** on Route 202 at New Britain has given us the names of most of the group as have a number of other readers who have phoned or written in.

"There's been a regular buzz-buzz ever since the December Traveler came out," she says. "Just about everyone spotted Mac's picture."—**Mrs. Elmer Funk,** of Swamp Road, Old Dublin Pike on Fountainville Hill, whose husband works for the **Brown Boys,** auctioneers, reports the same; " 'Did you see your picture?' they keep asking me," she tells us.

"The dismayed-looking gentleman" in Bob's photo is **Rocco Piliero** of Parkland, better known among his friends and all of the collectors and antique dealers hereabouts as **"Topsy"** whose fabulous antique shop is on the highway right across from the Speedway at Langhorne. Mrs. Funk stands beside him in the picture, "Mac", **Richard McGroggan,** of **The Wishing Well** at the other side. We hope, one day, to run a good picture of auctioneer **Morell Brown,** for Mrs. Funk tells us that he didn't think the camera did him justice, lopping off the top of his head in this picture taken at an Estate sale in Center Bridge.

Country auctions seem to flourish on summer days, with winter-time especially set for big Antique Exhibits, nation-wide. Our local dealers are making a mark for Bucks County this winter, presenting its choice antiques in the big out-of-State shows where invitations to exhibit are coveted by dealers from coast-to-coast.

Three County dealers, and **Henry Clay's** just-over-the-border, have recently returned from exhibiting in the spectacular Seventh Regiment Armory Antiques show in New York where exhibitors can drive their trucks right in to their booths to unload. This show, presented by East Side House, Inc., as a benefit for the East Side House Settlement, Stepney Camp and the Winifred Wheeler Day Nursery, was enhanced by the Bucks County displays. **Rowland's Antiques** from **Buckingham** showed collectors' items. They specialize in early soft-paste porcelains and among the fine old things from far and wide that they exhibited were some choice bits of old pewter and an especially fine walnut pewter-display cupboard. **Jean and Margaret Douglas** who moved to their shop in **New Hope** from Kent, Connecticut, in 1949, exhibited some of their treasures. Notable among these were some 1770 soft-paste figurines, some early Wedgewood, and English Stump-work, historical and Biblical scenes embroidered on silk in the 1650's. **Bob Selby Associates** showed fine blown glass, spatter-ware, Pennsylvania chalk figures —many interesting things—but their show-piece was a 1740 very rare pewter-cupboard in pine and their most unusual display was an 18th Century walking-bicycle with two wheels, framework and no pedals!

Invited to exhibit at the big Washington, D. C. Antiques Show at the Park Sheraton Hotel, **David Sheedy** of the **Distelbird** represented Bucks County with another display of attention-arresting items. Holding to his belief that rare objects are more important than merely old objects to collectors, one of his chief displays in Washington was a collection of toy automobiles.

The Crawfords of Cintra on Route 202 at York Road, are attending the 8th Annual Antiques Forum at Williamsburg, Virginia which carries through February 3rd.

Pamela Minford of **New Hope** is getting ready to exhibit in New York's Madison Square Show in March. This doesn't mean that she's just selecting what to show, it means she's working. Pam has made a name for herself in cabinet-work. She not only restores antiques, but she makes very fine reproductions out of 150-year-old lumber. One of the colorful sights in New Hope is Pam swinging across the Stockton Avenue bridge in Bermuda shorts carrying a can of shellac from her Ferry Street workshop to her Mechanic Street display rooms. She also has a branch shop, **The Crossroads,** in Toms River, N.J.

Another New Hope Antiques shop with a branch shop is the Shepard's **Pink House.** They left in January to re-open their winter shop in the **Coquina Hotel** at Ormond Beach, Florida. When they close there in April they will fly to Scotland and the Continent on an antiques-buying trip. Among the fine imports that they took to Florida are some early paintings and most unusual wool ship-embroideries done by the old-time sailors while they went around the Horn.

Following the successful Bucks County Antiques Show in Yardley the end of January, with eighteen exhibitors and many delighted visitors, **Christine P. Horn** says that her March show, March 25-26-27, to be held in Newtown, is being sponsored by the **Newtown Auxiliary** of the **Lower Bucks County Hospital** as a benefit for the Hospital.

Christopher Welter of **Washington Square Antiques** has a bright word to say about business; he planned to go abroad in the fall on a buying trip but he was kept so busy selling that he couldn't get off. Now he's getting a rest in Florida. And **Morton B. Tobias** of **The House of Tobys,** Lahaska, who is abroad now on an antique-jewelry buying trip, tells us that he'd planned to go to Northern Africa but he had to give up that idea because he just didn't own any bullet-proof vest or pants.

OLD BOOKS ON NEW SHELVES

a library emerges from a story-hour

by Lee Garb

Mrs. Thurman Gates, Literature Division, reads to group of Levittown children at the Story Hour. The Library evolved from just such a Story Hour.

THE Levittown Public Library is as unique as the community it serves. It has grown steadily in every direction since its inception in 1953, and unlike many organizations that after a time find themselves with a full set of officers and directors but practically no membership, the Library Council executive board recently had to send out a long, loud call for help from the citizens of Levittown for administrative assistance. The Levittown Public Library had simply outgrown its governing body.

Originally the brainchild of Ulrich Frank and his wife, Ruth, the Library began when they arranged a meeting with Dorothy and David Fisler, Harriet and Joseph Goldberg, and Gerald Roeser, chairman of the Fallsington Library Council. A member of the Pennsylvania State Extension Service was also invited for consultation on the advisability of a connection with the Fallsington Free Library.

The spokesman for the State advised against this, citing as his reason the frictions that might arise from such a merger. He explained that the people in the older sections had different goals and ideals from those of the newcomers to the County. But the two groups felt differently. Mr. Roeser took the opposite view entirely and said that he felt such a move might provide an excellent opportunity to further understanding between the old and the new.

The Levittowners were thrilled with tthe warmth of his welcome and despite the dire predictions, that meeting resulted in the formation of a Levittown Station of the Fallsington Free Library with the loan of four hundred books from the parent organization.

The Levittown Civic Association arranged for a room in the old Watts house on the Tullytown Road which serves as a Civic Center and work was begun. Forty volunteers were recruited almost immediately and the project was brought to the attention of all of Levittown's residents. Many of them who had always taken a Free Public Library with its numerous branches for granted, suddenly realized with a shock that because Levittown was not an incorporated municipality it could not come under the National Library Act. If Levittowners wanted a library, it was entirely up to them to provide one.

And that Levittowners indeed wanted a library was obvious by the feverish activity that became routine both day and night. While the men scrambled around putting up bookshelves, picking up and refurnishing donated tables, chairs and desks, their wives sorted and catalogued the books that poured in. Working in the unheated building be-

came increasingly difficult as the late summer turned into fall, but while their snow-suited toddlers played with discarded book jackets, the volunteers finally finished the job and in late October the Library was ready to open for business.

By this time the Goldbergs had been co-chairmen for several weeks after succeeding the Franks, and they started a Great Books Discussion Group for the community. Story hours for children were inaugurated by the Literature Division of the Federated Women's Club of Levittown and these became a popular institution with the four to eight-year-old group.

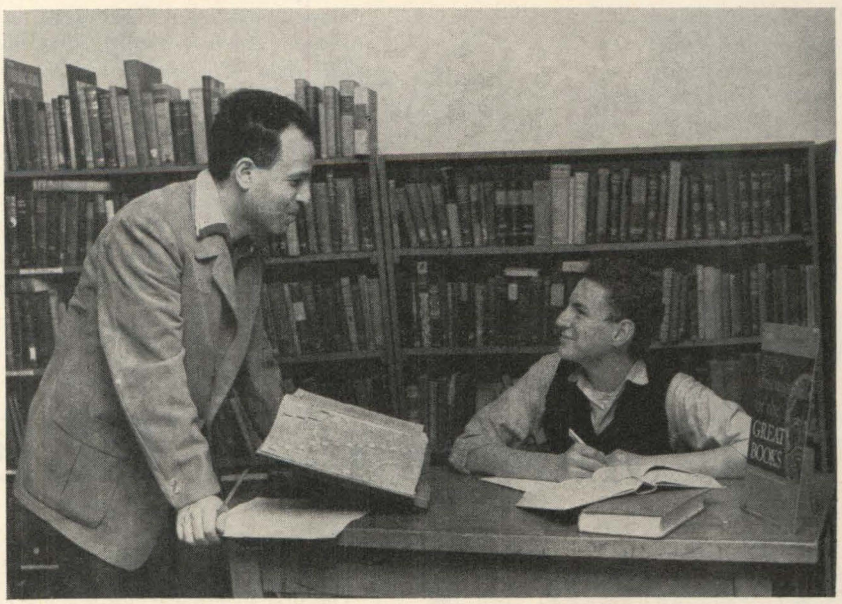
In March the Goldbergs resigned in order to devote their full attention to the Great Books Club which they still direct, and the Library continued to function as a service with no immediate plans for the future until it closed for the summer in June of 1954.

Meanwhile, new residents were moving into Levittown at the rate of seventy families a week, and since the expected final population is sixty thousand, the set-up forebode future inadequacy to say the least. When the Library reopened the following September, Evalyn and Donald McCargar took over the co-chairmanship and a new campaign for growth was begun. The McCargars decided that the first step in this direction should be the severing of all connection with the Fallsington Free Library. There were many good reasons for this; the most important being the fact that a school board subsidy to the parent organization forbade any fund-raising on the part of the Levittown Station and funds were sorely needed.

Both groups recognized that the idea of a community of seven hundred residents such as Fallsington attempting the continued maintenance of a station in Levittown would be ridiculous and in November of 1954 the merger came to an end. At that time a letter was sent to the many organizations in Levittown explaining the move. It also stated, "We part with Fallsington on the best of terms, realizing our debt to that friendly community."

This letter, which at the time had been merely a routine way of informing Levittowners of what was happening, became the key to the entire operation a year later. After the break, many means of support were looked into. Richard L. Geruso, Director of the Levittown Public Recreation Association, who had taken a keen personal interest in the Library, offered the suggestion that a Library Council be formed which could solicit support from the civic, service and social groups in the community. Such a Council was set up and Mr. Geruso became a member along with head librarian, Mary Bretschneider, Charles Fink, Jane Wagnon, Emily Rivers and Esther Podolsky.

Evelyn McCargar (with hat), Co-Chairman of Literature Division of Federated Women's Club of Levittown shown with Serito Worley, one of 63 Levittown women who work as volunteers.



Ulrich Frank, one of the founders, is gratified at use high school students are making of library. They drop in for reference work and stay to do home-work.

The new set-up worked beautifully. Donations of books increased and fund-raising projects were started all the way from Mrs. Wolf's second-grade class in the Penn Valley School to the Levittown Civic Association. Then, suddenly the Levittown Public Library started to snowball into a real problem. It overflowed into another room at the Civic Center and still felt cramped.

The volunteers classified books until they were ready to drop and still the donated books piled up for processing. Once again the workers' husbands spent night after night building shelves until there was no space anywhere for more; but they couldn't catch up with the books. And through it all, borrowers turned away in disappointment because the Library couldn't provide the particular book they were looking for.

It was obvious that the organization had outgrown the Civic Center and a larger home was needed. In March of last year the Council was supplied with the answer. Again, temporarily, but fine for the time being. The Emilie Shopping Center had been completed at Five Points and William Seitchik, owner of its huge Towne Pharmacy, offered the basement of his building. By this time the hammer and saw activity had become routine, and in short order partitioning was constructed, shelves provided and new smart tables built. The room, fifty by twenty feet in size, was enhanced by rotating exhibits by the Levittown Artists Association and the Levittown Camera Club. Fluorescent lighting was installed and a children's corner provided.

(Continued on page 43)

Lingohocken's President, Charles E. Lindberg, is as adept at fire fighting as he is at refinishing antique furniture at his shop in Penn's Park.

Some of the members of Lingohocken Fire Company and their ladies smile for the camera. The membership list is an imposing one: A. Stover Landes, Jr., Chief; Emmor Stiner, 1st Asst. Chief; Albert H. Schaffer, 2nd Asst. Chief; Harold S. DeCoursey, Ch. Eng.; J. Edward Samsel, Lt. & Trustee; Walter W. Robson, Lt.; Charles E. Lindberg, Pres. & Trustee; Raymond F. Bassett, Vice-Pres.; Calvin D. Smith, Sec.; Francis Soden, Treas.; Vance C. Gallagher, Trustee; Charles H. Linde, Fire Police Captain; Samuel L. Smith, Robert W. Elliott, Thomas Simmers, Walter Mill, Leslie M. Slack, Howard I. Reed, Sr., John H. Gurt, Albert E. Pfeiffer, Edward B. Blumrick, Joseph Gorski, Charles Goodman, Walter W. Gorski, Daniel A. Frederick, Howard J. Reed, Jr., Wilson C. Varcoe, Eugene Cutshall, Bruce R. Brown, John Keller, Edward Glinkowski, Orden Almanrode, Kelly Dishman, George Wilson, Herbert Lee.

Call Lingohocken -- *URGENT!*

by Hazel M. Gover

WHOOoooOOOoooOOO goes the fire siren in the county—it sends a shiver down the spines of those who hear it. It can be a fire ravaging the home or barn of a friend, a factory or a garage where neighbors earn their livings. If you are driving along a road, you search the sky for a plume of smoke and breath a sigh of relief when you find it is not your home. In fifty-seven communities in Bucks County, there are fire companies whose men drop whatever they are doing to respond to the Fire Call.

Typical of all of these in the best sense of the word, in the small town of Wycombe in Wrightstown Township, there is a volunteer company known as the Lingohocken Fire Company. The village was originally called Lingohocken until the railroad went through in 1891 and a postoffice was established. For a few years it became Walton and finally Wycombe, a familiar name in England. When the fire company was organized, it was decided to adopt the old Indian name.

The first meeting to form a fire company was held in the Thompson Hotel on August 6, 1913. Charles E. Woodmansee was the first president. He was editor of the Wycombe Herald (1899-1915), a newspaper about the size of the New Hope Gazette, which was giving the Doylestown Intelligencer a run for its money. Harry F. Molloy was made Vice-President with Albert J. Thompson, Secretary, and Dr. Charles L. Ley, Treasurer. Edward R. Kirk, Heil J. Quinn and Amos S. Bennett were the trustees. The first fire chief was J. Thomas Slack. In those days each village had its own assistant chief because telephones were a rarity. Roads were kept clear in winter by the farmers who worked out their county taxes by shovelling snow.

Among the charter members still alive today are J. Carroll Molloy, Wilmer Stiner (father of first assistant chief), Clarence Smith, Ralph Price, Evan Schaffer (father of second assistant chief), William Morgan, Willard Crouthamel (Wycombe Freight Agent since 1902).

These men, along with several others, went around the countryside including part of Buckingham Township, all of Wrightstown Township and the northern part of Upper Makefield Township and by September 15 had collected $1196 to buy equipment. James Boyd & Brothers, of Philadelphia, equipped a Buick chassis with fire-fighting apparatus and the new fire company had a fire truck which cost them a total of $1928.50. The truck was housed in Thompson's Mill and the fire gong was a ring of iron from a locomotive. It was fastened to a tree near the mill and hammered lustily when a fire call came in.

Mr. Crouthamel recalls that there were about ten fires a year in those days and when a miller ran out to beat on the iron ring, everyone from Wycombe ran to the mill to see the fire engine start out and to find out where the fire was.

On January 13, 1914, when Doylestown called for help, the firemen made their first call out of the community. That old and tried Doylestown Fire Company was so pleased with the services of the freshmen in the game that a check for $25.00 was awarded to them by the Borough Council and their competence as firemen was written up in the local papers.

WHEN a fire starts, people within a five-mile radius of Wycombe call Wycombe 3501, a telephone reserved for fire calls. This number rings in three locations: during the day at the general store of Abel S. Landes & Son where Chief A. Stover Landes, Jr., is at work and at night in two homes. These phones are never left without someone to answer them. Mrs. John Doe may be terrified at the crackling of flames in her walls but she must keep her wits about her until she can tell the fireman where the fire is, what kind it is, and how the fire apparatus can locate her. If the fire is not visible from the road, she must run down her lane or driveway so the driver will not waste time looking for the fire, as sometimes happens.

There is a button on these phones which sets off the alarm at the firehouse. When the siren blows, switches are thrown on machinery, gasoline pumps shut off, saws, hammers and paint brushes are dropped, and at night warm blankets are tossed aside as the firemen answer the call. They start their cars or if they live close enough, they run. The first man in picks up the red telephone and is immediately in touch with the person who answered the call. He writes the pertinent information on the blackboard and climbs into his uniform and boots, puts on his helmet, opens the wide doors of the firehouse and starts the motor of the first piece of apparatus to leave. As soon as one more man is ready away they go. This fire truck is equipped with everything the firemen will need,—fire-fighting tools, sufficient water to hold the fire until the pumper itself arrives, booster pump, flood-lights, first aid kit, rescue equipment for firemen who might succumb to smoke or suffer a heart attack. As soon as sufficient men have arrived at the firehouse to man the pumper, it leaves and the first piece of apparatus is then used as a stand-by using its searchlights where necessary. The remaining firemen wait at the firehouse with the third piece of apparatus until they learn whether they are needed.

The first fire company to arrive at a fire is in charge and this protocol is as rigidly observed as at a diplomatic dinner in Washington. The fire chief can tell immediately whether he must have assistance from other county fire companies.

The first duty of firemen is to save life, whether human or animal, then to fight the fire. Wrestling with a fat porker who does not want to be disturbed is no fun on a cold freezing night. Firemen do not attempt to render first aid to any fire victims,—that is the job of the Second Alarmers and Rescue Squads. One such company comes from Willow Grove, another can be called on in Souderton or Lambertville. There is a similar group of men and women in the lower part of the County known as the Bucks County Rescue Squad. These rescue units are supported in part by the volunteer fire companies throughout the county and by volunteer contributions.

The rescue squads consist of people experienced in first aid or assistance in more serious injuries. Also their compact kitchens are the scenes of efficient activity and hot, appetizing meals are prepared and served to the firemen when fighting a fire extends over a long period. Handling heavy hose, moving equipment and chopping through walls to get at the heart of a fire burns up energy and the fireman must have food.

The Ladies' Auxiliary lends a hand as well. They make hot coffee, hot chocolate and gather up warm dry clothing which they take to the men. They always have a supply of chocolate bars to hand out, and dry cigarettes when the men take a breather.

Sightseers were once a problem and too many fires burned too long because men and women who wanted to watch the flames against a night sky would clog the roads and even park in the long single lanes leading to the scene of action. Most fire companies, including Lingohocken, have a group of men, not necessarily firemen, who act as fire police. These men answer the same fire call, but their duty is to keep traffic moving and to keep a road or lane free for the fire engines. They have authority to arrest anyone who refuses to comply with their orders. So much publicity has been given to the crippling of the effectiveness of fire companies by thoughtless gaping at another's misfortune that now unless a motorist has some duty to perform, he keeps right on going about his business.

THERE are thirty active firemen in the Lingohocken Fire Company; fifty per cent live in Wycombe and the rest within two miles. Becoming a fireman is much more than putting on a red shirt, mounting the engine, tearing down the roads blowing the siren. It is hard, gruelling work. The State of Pennsylvania provides an instructor for fire school courses, one for the rookies and the other for experienced men as a refresher. These courses last three months, with the men attending one night a week plus time spent in studying.

During the winter months, there are constant drills in the use of hand extinguishers, ladders, making hose connections and instruction in rolling hose, how to enter a building, how to work off a ladder. In the summer the men drill under actual smoke and fire conditions. These educational and practice programs are invaluable to the men. By the time the rookie first reaches the scene of an actual fire he is completely familiar with his tools and a knowledge of the proper method for handling a particular problem. There are many more problem fires now than there used to be and each one requires a special method of attack. Plastics and synthetic materials are part of every home, there are more chemicals in use, oil is standard fuel for furnaces.

There are over a thousand families in the area for which this company is responsible. Each man must have a clear idea of the roads and the shortest route to get to the fire. The chief, his assistants and any of the men who are around gather at the table many nights in the year and plan what they would do if a certain building caught on fire. They work this problem over from every

Continued on page 38

Fire Chief A. Stover Landes, Jr., makes a sale in his father's general store in Wycombe.

IN THE DOG HOUSE

by Dorothy M. Poisker

HOW many of you readers know of the North Penn Field and Conservation Club, Inc., a strictly Sporting Dog organization active in the County? Let me tell you about the club and its wonderful work in keeping open a year-round training area that is also a place of refuge for our furred and feathered friends.

The idea for the club was conceived by six dog owners, about October, 1949, and formally organized in January, 1950. It originally included Hound and Bird Dog men and has continued with the two groups working in harmony. To have American Kennel Club approval of their trials, the club has had to separate the breeds and their activities. It was found wise to subdivide, forming the North Penn Beagle Club and the Bucks County Pointer Club, both a part of the parent organization. The club was incorporated in 1952.

After obtaining State approval and a training permit, the North Penn Field and Conservation Club started using the grounds of the Carney Farm, situated along the Tohickon Creek at Kellers Church. In the first few years there were many interesting activities, including a Dog Show held at the Bux-Mont Horse Show Grounds in Perkasie; numerous picnics, ox-roasts and social events such as dinners with guest speakers. With a greater influx of members than was felt wise, the club decided to limit the membership to two hundred and new members are now accepted only as vacancies occur.

In 1952, the club transferred its permit to the Braungardt and Ciarlo Farms, northeast of Perkasie, along the Three Mile Run; a more beautiful spot would be hard to find. The grounds are ideal for Beagle and Bird Dog Trials. The natural slope into the bird field, the location where the birds are released, makes it possible for spectators to sit in their cars and watch the most exciting part of each stake in comfort.

THE club runs an average of six Bird Dog trials a year at which from forty to fifty birds, usually pheasants, are released. There are about eight Beagle Trials annually releasing ten dozen cottontails. To maintain an adequate food supply for these wild creatures, grain is planted, so the work done is far-reaching in its effects upon wildlife in the County. Since none of this game is shot on the grounds and the refuge is closed even to the membership for training during November, you can well imagine the benefit this program is to all sportsmen in the upper end of the County.

IN 1954, the club was able to purchase one hundred and twenty-four acres of land in Haycock Township, three miles north of Weisel. At this time the grounds are nearly paid off, a wonderful achievement in so many ways. Only those who did the work can realize the hours of back-breaking labor put into clearing these acres. It will take several years before this site is just as the members want it and I understand they are building a club house at this location. **Charles L. Sterner,** Perkasie, retiring as President this year, tells me with a deep feeling of pride that the Weisel site will eventually be equal to any in the State and the members have hopes that one day it will top them all. The leadership in the club has been of the best and no organization can be better than the men who are at the helm. In this respect, the North Penn group has had more than its share of good fortune. **Bud Sterner** has piloted the club affairs since its inception and to **Ray Johnson,** Quakertown, as Secretary for the same number of years, the club owes a great debt of gratitude. A special bouquet should go to **Dalton M. Kern,** Sellersville, Judge of Field Trials, and a Pointer Breeder, who has acted as Field Chairman for all of the Bird Dog activities and whose enthusiasm for the club is boundless. The club starts 1956 with **Ray Johnson** as President, **Phillip Braungardt** as Vice-President, **William Crozier,** Telford, as Corresponding Secretary, **Dalton Kerns** as Recording Secretary, and **Richard Peischel,** Quakertown, as Treasurer.

NOT the least of the benefits the club offers to all sportsmen is the fine way in which the members play host to visiting organizations throughout the year. They welcome not only local Field Trialers, but through their hospitality have made a part of the beauty and natural resources of the County known to many who come great distances to run their dogs on the grounds.

AMONG the Beagle members, several have bred or developed American Kennel Club Champions of Record. The lucky (or should I say hard working) ones are **Ray Johnson,** with his 13-inch female, Fd.Ch. Ron Don Snowball; **Gus Hittebeidle,** with his 15-inch male, Fd.Ch. Hereford Spot; and **Russel Musselman** who is the breeder and trainer of Fd.Ch. Thousand Acres Ace. Mr. Musselman tells me he has sold this fine 15-inch fellow to the Lou Haven Kennels, East Aurora, New York, where he continues to make Beagle history. In his string he is at present running Thousand Acres Guardsman, a two-year old son of Snowball, who is well on his way to the coveted Championship, and Thousand Acres Pretty Girl, the Dam of Ace.

Members of the North Penn Beagle Club proudly display their prize Beagles, (back row): Messrs. Lockridge, Johnson and Musselman. (Front row): Messrs. Hittebeidle and Shelly on the ends. The two gentlemen in the front row center are unidentified.

the world's fastest bird nests in the county---

Winged Raptors of Bucks County

by Jock Francine

The other day, while motoring in the vicinity of Newtown, I noticed a hawk sail low across the highway and start quartering a nearby pasture. I would have thought no more about it had not my companion asked: "What kind of a bird is that?"

"A hawk," I replied with authority, hoping I would not be asked to identify the species.

"A chicken hawk?"

"N-no—not exactly," I replied "Many people think all hawks are 'chicken hawks'—either big ones or little ones. No such thing as a chicken hawk. That one is a. . . .w-well let's see. Could be a. . ." And suddenly I realized how little I remembered about hawks. I made a mental note to do a little research on the subject. And what's more, when I got home, I did too!—and amassed enough facts to enable me to hold forth on the subject for several miles the next time I see one cross the highway.

Photo by Fran Hall, National Audubon Society

The Red-Tailed Hawk is not the fierce predator he appears to be in this unusual photo of a live bird. He soars lazily over Bucks County looking for meadow mice and only rarely raids the barnyard.

Contrary to Gertrude Stein's delivery —a hawk is a hawk is a hawk—a hawk is a member of the order which ornithologists call "Diurnal Birds of Prey." "Diurnal", according to my dictionary, means daytime as opposed to nocturnal. So right off the bat I found out that hawks are birds of prey that hunt by day while owls are birds of prey that hunt by night, with a couple of exceptions that I can think of off-hand—the Great Gray Owl and the Snowy Owl which also hunt by day (There is no night during the summer in the Land of the Midnight Sun).

The Diurnal Birds of Prey are broken down into various groups, depending on their characteristics, such as the swift Accipiters or bird hawks, the sluggishly soaring Buteos or buzzard hawks, the lightning-fast Falcons, the graceful Kites, the Harriers, the Ospreys or fish hawks, the Caracaras. I was glad to see that no less an authority than John Birchard May, former Director of Ornithology of the Massachusetts Department of Agriculture, admits that hawks ". . .are difficult of exact identification when viewed at some distance in the field." I felt better about muffing that so-called "chicken hawk". He was definitely some distance out over the field when I took a second look at him and, besides, the windows of my car were rolled up.

In view of the fact that even the authorities admit that hawks are hard to tell apart I decided to concentrate on the Bucks County variety instead of wandering too far afield and winding up with something out of a bad dream like a Guadalupe Caracara which, by the way, is now extinct "at the hands of man".

Right here and now I would like to toss out a startling bit of information. If left to their own devices—or as a certain authority put it: "if their fecundity was not disturbed"—one pair of meadow mice could conceivably wind up with one million descendants in a year's time! Twenty-three million pounds of vegetable matter would be required to feed this bustling family for one year. We could come up with comparatively staggering figures if we were dealing with members of the insect world. In view of the prodigious number of rodents and insects consumed by Diurnal Birds of Prey we should hardly begrudge them a chicken dinner occasionally—providing it isn't out of our own barnyard!

Enough people felt this way about hawks and eagles to get together and establish Hawk Mountain Sanctuary in the Kittatinny Mountains, some thirty miles west of Allentown. Every year 12,000 or more visitors from all over the continent motor to Hawk Mountain to observe thousands of birds of prey in a single day on their southbound migration. Before the sanctuary was established in 1934 hundreds of hawks and eagles were killed and maimed by gunners every weekend during the migration. A lot of harmful rodents propagated as a result and cost the farmers considerably more in lost grain than the value of a few chickens.

The hawks largely responsible for incurring the wrath of farmers because of their taste for chicken are the Accipiters, swift-flying hawks with rounded wings and long tails. In flight they make four or five flaps and a glide, and seldom soar. They are found usually in woodlands, and rocket through the trees after their prey like a runaway jet. Some people call them "Blue Darters" because of their speed. In Bucks County they are represented by the Goshawk, the Sharp-Shinned Hawk and the Cooper's Hawk. All three are *persona non*

Continued on page 36

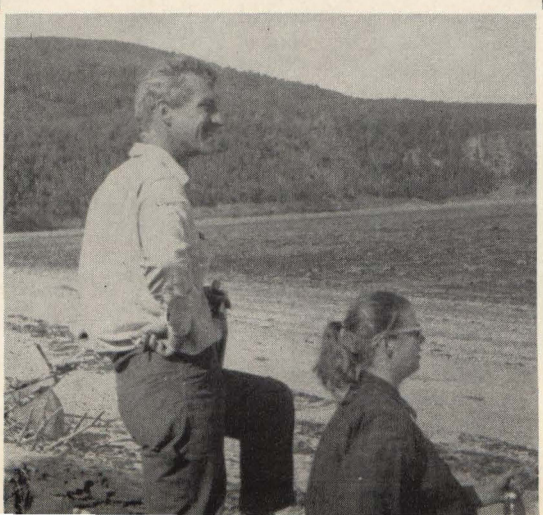
COUNTY CHECKER

Lee Starr (left), General Manager of Pomeroy's and newly elected President of the Levittown Businessmen's Association is congratulated by Earl Owen, General Manager of J. C. Penny and retiring President of the Association. Looking on are: Ralph Bond, Vice President and Bill Kline, Secretary.

A "shinny hockey" game at Washington Crossing Park on a recent chilly afternoon. Hockey in the County may not have the finesse that it has in Madison Square Garden but it sure is fun!

Panel discussion on establishment of a County Library held at the Langhorne Library last month. Left to Right: Edward W. Barnsley, Mrs. F. N. Jenness, Rees J. Frescoln (moderator), Henry Ray and Dr. Morton Botel.

William Penn Center, Fallsington — Happy Hours Club. Mrs. Selma von Blum, one of the volunteer workers at the Center acts as hostess. This is the Golden Age Group whose membership is restricted to those aged threescore (or more). The gentleman in the light suit either carries his years well or is a "ringer". He is Louis Paulmier, staff member at the Center.



Bob Muir, popular master and coach at Solebury Prep, and his wife, Margo, who also teaches at the school, enjoy the scenery along the St. Lawrence River during their vacation. Word reaches the Traveler *that Bob's first novel has found a publisher.*

Still a familiar chore in Bucks County on a winter's day — and before breakfast at that! This scene was snapped at Mechanicsville.

BOARD

people seen around the county

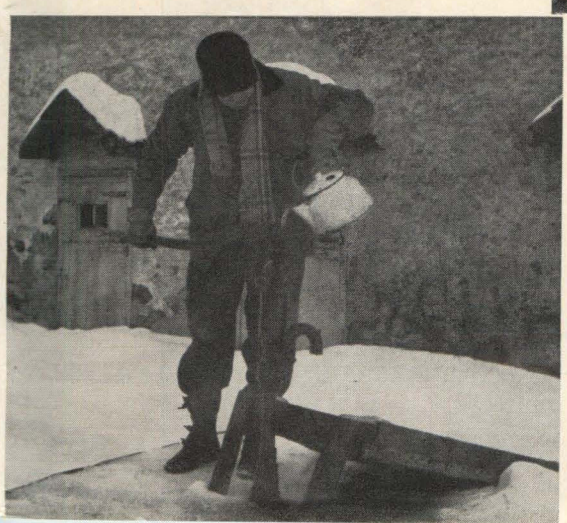
A joint meet of the Huntingdon Valley Hunt and the Rosetree Hunt was held at the estate of Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Birrell, Solebury. A field of approximately sixty huntsmen had a fine day's sport but unfortunately the fox stayed home.

Gymnastics are becoming popular in Lower Bucks as witness this young aerialist flying like the man on the trapeze. Instructor George Sperling stands ready to catch Raymond Myers of the Bristol YMCA gym team.

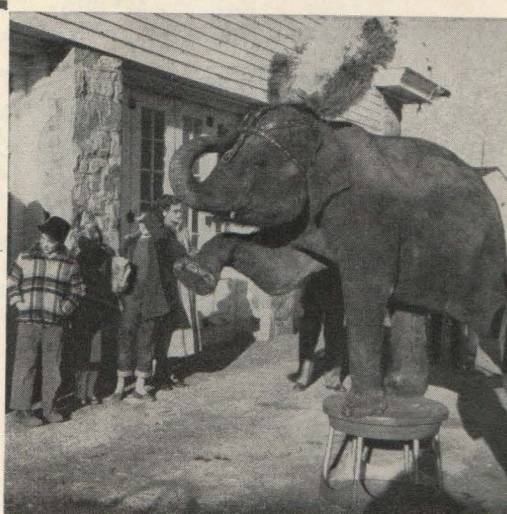
The County's got a movie company too — George Kent and Ralph Charles of Triad Productions, New Hope, on location during the filming of a motion picture on milk production for the Lehigh Valley Cooperative.

Winners at Mrs. Kenneth Stedman's Mad Hatter party in Doylestown: Mrs. Gregory Bradford, Forest Grove, Mrs. Chester Ely, Newtown, Mrs. Harold Green, Wrightstown, Mrs. Lardner Morris, Bristol, Mrs. Mary Helen Fretz, Doylestown, and our Mrs. Leonard Gover (leaning on chair), Rushland.

Some people say they don't know where we live. Here is the home of the Traveler *at 75 Shewell Avenue, opposite the Doylestown Fire Company, snapped as the February issue went to press.*



"Muna", Hunt Bros. Circus elephant, shows off her bag of tricks before an appreciative audience of youngsters and adults on New Year's Day at Echo Falls Farm, Solebury.



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winged raptors con't

grata around a barnyard. These are the so-called "chicken hawks".

Unfortunately, the hawk that usually gets tagged with this black label is rather a harmless fellow called a Red-Tailed Hawk who subsists mainly on harmful rodents. He is a member of the Buteo Group which includes eagles and vultures and which are large and sluggish in appearance, with broad wings and fan-like tails. You see him soaring over the open countryside in the County—very much like his cousins the Turkey Vultures, many of whom roost in the tall trees along the Delaware in the spring, a mile below Bowman's Tower. In April and May the trees are black with Turkey Vultures, repulsive-looking but beneficial scavengers which seem to do most of their dining across the river in Jersey (There is a pig farm below Lambertville on the River Road).

The "singing hawk" or Red-Shouldered Hawk is also a member of the Buteos or Buzzard Hawks. He is the hawk that utters a high-pitched *Kee-u Kee-u* in the early spring. Another member occasionally seen in Bucks County during the winter is the Rough-Legged Hawk, he of the heavily feathered legs who does his hunting at dusk, suggestive of some great owl. And yet another is the smallest of the Buteos, the Broad-Winged Hawk.

All the Buteos or soaring hawks are considered beneficial and play an important role in rodent control and help break up that million-member meadow mouse family.

There is only one representative of the Harrier Group of Hawks in North America and that is the Marsh Hawk. If you see a large hawk with a white rump zigzagging low across a marsh or farmland—that's the Harrier. His flight has been compared to that of a sea gull—slow, indirect, with deliberate wingbeats. Whether or not he is beneficial depends on what he is looking for in the way of a meal. Muskrat farmers are not too keen on him.

The most glamorous of all the hawks, especially now that the new Air Force Academy has adopted it as its official mascot, is the Peregrine Falcon or Duck Hawk, the American representative of the bird used in the days of chivalry for what was then considered the sport of kings—falconry. The duck hawk is one of the fastest, if not the fastest bird in the world, having been clocked in a dive at 180 miles per hour! According to Bucks County ornithologist George MacReynolds, it nests on the almost inaccessible northerly exposed rocks of the The Narrows in Bucks County on the Delaware River, and one oologist (collector of birds' eggs) lost his life there attempting to collect duck hawk eggs in 1913 when he fell 365 feet from Top Rock. This fierce sky marauder, which strikes its prey like a thunderbolt, courses occasionally across the County's farms and woodlands and is a real coup for the bird watcher.

The Sparrow Hawk is often met with around the County, usually perched on a telephone pole, is also a falcon. He is the smallest and the most brilliantly colored of all our hawks, resembling the European Kestrel in appearance and habits much more than he does the European Sparrow Hawk which enjoys an unsavory reputation across the Atlantic. Along with the Osprey, the Killy Hawk, as the Sparrow Hawk is sometimes called from his cry, has taken fairly kindly to civilization and is said to be the only hawk that will use a bird house for a nesting site.

The Osprey or Fish Hawk is a familiar sight hovering over the Delaware as one drives along the river towards Yardley and Morrisville. He is often mistaken for a Bald Eagle by those not in the know but no eagle wears an all-white waistcoat as does the osprey. Speaking of eagles, which an osprey doesn't do except in the most virulent terms, they have been seen to hover about until an osprey catches a fish; then they zoom down and scare the poor osprey who drops his prey and flees in terror. Whereupon our National Emblem grabs the plummeting morsel before it hits the water and enjoys a fish course without wetting his line, so to speak.

So you see—with all this information at my finger tips, I am ready for any hawk—uh—I mean Diurnal Bird of Prey—that flies across any road in the County—whether my car windows are up or down. •

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YWCA (con't)

sented them with their Charter. The Provisional Board was enlarged and officially approved by the membership as a Board of Directors, incorporation procedures were started and the Young Women's Christian Association of Bucks County officially joined the largest organization of women and girls in the world.

By the end of the first year even some of the original conceptions of what the area was like had to be revised. Bucks County wasn't like Savannah River, Georgia, or the Pike County Ohio Atomic Energy Project where population areas grew up where nothing had been before. In Bucks County there were old established communities becoming islands surrounded by miles of new houses on what had been farmland only a few months before. Most of the newcomers had moved in to stay. They planted trees where the big old ones had been cut down, began to fit into the established patterns, and wanted to help solve problems their influx had brought about. So the YW, too, had to change its concepts to fit the real situation. An Executive was needed with more administrative experience to guide the large, stable association this was likely to become, not just someone to supervise programs for the transient population the National Board had expected to find here.

It was quite an order to find someone with such a background willing to face the new and challenging situations. Fortunately, Dorothea McDowell was not only able but willing to bring her wide experience to Bucks County. As a general secretary she had revived the Raleigh and Wilmington, North Carolina, YW Associations and then had become a National Foreign Staff member in charge of all YWCA work in Lebanon and Syria. At the end of seven years in this work she received an Award of Merit from the Lebanese Government, the first woman to be so honored. She took the long way home, visiting YWCA's the rest of the way around the world. Almost straight from the boat she came to Bucks County.

HOW do things look now? The membership is about 500, coming from 21 different communities. Classes have been given or are currently offered in Art, Bridge, Sewing, Crafts for Christmas, Ceramics, Esperanto, Making Money at Home, Writing for Magazines, Bowling, Swimming, Slimnastics, Dancing and others literally too numerous to mention, many of them with nursery facilities so mother doesn't have to miss them because of the children.

There are club groups for Business and Professional girls, Newcomers, YW-Wives, and Y-Teens. Last summer a three-day camp for teen-age girls was held at borrowed Camp Onas near Doylestown. A little green jeep station wagon was acquired to take the YW where needed.

THE biggest recent change came in June of '55 when a new door was acquired on which to hang the blue triangle. More space for program than could be found at the William Penn Center was needed. Through the generosity of Hugh B. Eastburn of Bristol, the Bucks County YWCA has taken up temporary residence in the Lippincott Mansion, a fascinating 200-year-old stone house on Meetinghouse Square which eventually will be completely restored for historic Fallsington. In the meantime it has been scrubbed, painted, and has been furnished out of attics, basements and trunks until it is far from the "haunted house" it had almost become. So the newest YWCA is located in probably the oldest building and is very proud of its beautiful doorway, many attics, fireplaces and unusual stairways. In November, a Junior High Work Camp cleaned out and whitewashed the basement. If a load of bricks can be found and laid in sand to cover the dirt floor, there will be more room for larger groups or teen-age activities.

This new home also provided the space for a project which had been put off because there was no place for it. It is called the "Triangle on the Square" and is a combination gift and thrift shop located in a section of the Mansion adjoining but not connected to the rest of the house. The gift part is a retail outlet for the creative skill acquired in various craft classes. Many who take up a hobby soon turn out high quality products which they enjoy making. There is a limit on how many unusual ash trays a house can use. All the gift items for sale are handmade by YW members. The thrift section contains outgrown but not outworn clothing. The shop is open on Tuesdays and Fridays for browsing and buying.

WHAT will the future hold? The plans and dreams include more staff with a teen-age program director, a full-time health and recreation director, expansion to cover the entire county, a permanent home, or maybe several of them, complete with swimming pools, gyms and lots of room for more programs.

When the Bucks County Project started, there were 114 communities all over the United States waiting to start new decentralized YWCA's, but first they had to see what happened here. Now they know and once again, pioneering in Bucks County has come alive in the 20th Century.

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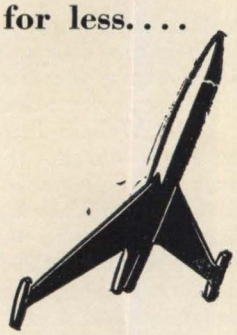

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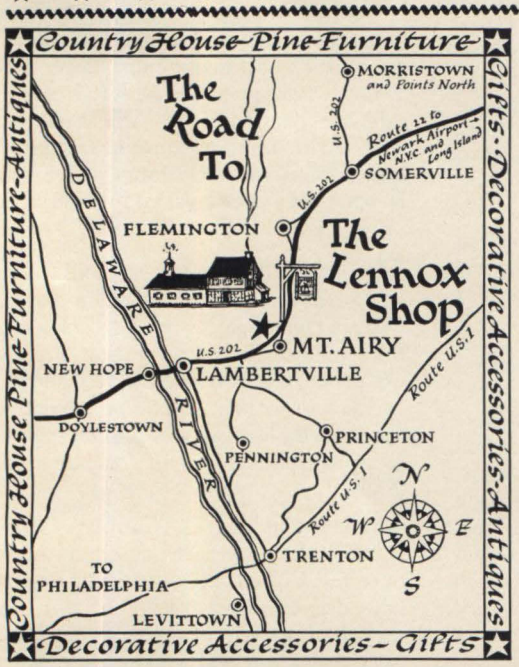

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lingohocken Continued

angle, how to get there, the nearest source of water, how much hose they would need, what nearby houses would be in danger and where the pumpers would be most effective. You may think when you pass the firehouse at night and glance through the windows that the boys are dealing out cards for penny-ante. You'd be wrong. They may well have your local place of business under close mental scrutiny, and are thinking up the best means they know to protect your investment.

In the country speed is the determining factor in getting a fire under control, and then finding the nearest source of water. A city lady was considerably upset when she discovered the men had long lines of hose stretched to the nearest stream. She said she would certainly talk to her fire insurance people and have them insist a fire hydrant be installed closer to her home.

WHO pays for the Fire Company? The local people do, but not in the form of taxes as so many city people believe when they move to the country. Not only do our firemen fight our fires for us without compensation, but they must take their hats in their hands and go from door to door asking for money. And they are occasionally turned down. However hard they try, and they make personal calls on the thousand families, they never get enough money, so come summer they must turn their leisure hours into another workout, the CARNIVAL. They rent land, build booths, decorate, man all kinds of chance machines for which they buy dolls, blankets, hams, slabs of bacon or trinkets. They serve hot dogs, hamburgers, and sell thousands of bottles of coke. They must direct traffic, help park cars, find mothers and fathers for lost children, sympathize with the man who has spent a whole dollar and hasn't won a ten-dollar stuffed poodle. Their wives bake bread, cakes, cookies and help in the booths. People come in hundreds of cars, spend generously, and the miniature fire engine toots around loaded with yelling happy youngsters, firemen of the future. After four days of carnival spirit, the firemen who have been calling out bingo numbers can no longer even whisper, the crowds are gone, and the men must pitch in, clean up the debris, tear down the booths and go home to soak their hot aching feet. When the boys add up their expenses and deduct them from the take, they wonder if there isn't an easier way to make some extra money.

From 1927 through 1934, there *was* an easier way, and the Fire Company had a steady income. *There* was a Lingohocken Dramatic Club in Wy-

combe which divided profits between the fire company and the Wycombe Baptist Church. Edith Worthington and Hannah Kirk, assisted by Dr. L. B. Roberts, coached the plays. Robert Tease, Elliott and Alan Thompson, Francis and Edith Worthington, Russell Smith, Abel Landes, Mrs. Howard Fisher, Elizabeth Price and Dorothy Ley took various parts. Wilmer A. Twining, whose talents did not include acting, was the business manager and his enthusiasm for the theatre carried many would-be thespians through the terrors of opening nights and stage-fright.

DON'T stick your thumbs in your braces and lean back against the doorjamb while you say, "Why, the equipment's paid for, the building is paid for, what do you guys want more money for, anyway?" A run-down of yearly expenses might open the eyes of those who can roll over in bed (unless they smell smoke) when the siren cuts through the silence of the early morning hours: Heat, $330, light, $233, gas and oil, $200, repairs and supplies, $426, telephone, $375, insurance, $483, new or replacement hose, equipment and working clothes, $1000.

The ladies work, too. They have card parties, suppers and when the company needs something, they dig down into their bank account and shell out some real money.

IN 1953, there were 25 fire calls, 28 in 1954 and in 1955, 45. An average of sixteen men answer but for a bad night fire or a stubborn one, every man works some part of the time. Their work isn't done when the fire is over and the engines are back. Tired, wet and dirty as they may be, they must wash down their apparatus and put it back in sound operating condition before they go home. If they finish around seven in the morning, they don't go home, peck their wives on the cheek, take a shower, get into pajamas and crawl into bed. They rush under the shower while their wives get breakfast and as soon as they eat, they dash out to their cars, drive as fast as they can, punch a time-clock and work all day, hoping to God they don't get called out again that night so they can catch up on sleep. A tip of our hat goes to the employers of these men who see they don't lose any pay while they are fighting a fire.

Then there is the housekeeping stint. Each week-end three men have the job of the old spit and polish on the equipment and the firehouse itself. The red paint must gleam and the chrome shine like a mirror. Hundreds of items that make up a good fire-fighting machine must be checked to make sure they are in working order.

Why do these men willingly devote so much of their time to this work and it is work? Take Emmor Stiner, for instance. He owns a garage in Buckingham and anyone who has been getting some service there when a fire call comes in knows what is going to happen. He is going to wait while Stiner answers.

He knows the roads better than the palm of his hand so he finds out the route the apparatus is going to take. "I'll catch up to you," and he does. So if something passes you on the road from Buckingham and you aren't sure whether it is a car, a gust of wind or a low-flying plane, don't worry, it is Emmor Stiner, First Assistant Fire Chief, going to a fire.

WHEN the Lingohocken Fire Company purchases its last piece of equipment to replace the old girl who has been doing duty for nigh on to twenty years and who can hardly get out of her own way when she goes up a grade, the three pieces of apparatus will be capable of handling what in the parlance of fire fights is a "multiple" alarm fire. These men are modern Scrooges when it comes to dickering for new equipment. As a turn-in on their new buggy, their 20-year old will bring almost as much as they paid for it originally.

When the new pumper rolls down the road, she will boast of pumping at the rate of 1500 gallons a minute and this should scare off almost any little old fire that starts. She is going to cost $18,700 compared with the first outlay back in 1913 of just less than $2,000. The company will get help from Federal Civil Defense which is pledged to match the amount of money raised locally.

It will be a proud day when the Lingohocken firemen can open the great doors and see three up-to-date fire-fighting machines standing on the floor, equipped with two-way fire radio, ready to take off on fire call and know they will have a chance to bring almost any fire under control.

When this fire company was first organized, the area they served was almost entirely farmlands with small clusters of houses and a store or two in the villages. In over forty years, this picture has changed,—the villages and hamlets have become small towns with stores, garages and small factories. Roads are cutting across fields and houses springing up where the corn and wheat used to move in ripples with the wind. The more houses and people, the more fires and the greater need for vigilance on the part of men who give their time and their devotion to the work of fighting this domestic force which can without warning become one of man's most savage enemies. •

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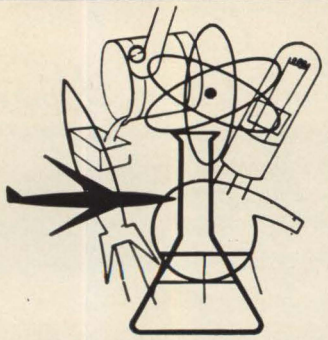

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scouts (con't)

Park in Canada, walking trips on the Appalachian Trail with packs on their backs, and canoes manned by the Explorers are on the Delaware and Susquehanna Rivers for over-night and five-day trips. Units are taken to the Johnsonville Navy Base where officers take them through the buildings and show them how the Navy operates on dry land. The climax is a flight in one of the Navy's big planes. The boys look down on the County and try to find their homes from the sky.

Every year sixty of our Explorers with eight leaders travel by bus to the National Scout Ranch in New Mexico. Here they really have it rugged, hiking nearly a hundred miles, camping out and cooking their meals under the most primitive conditions. They have 127,000 acres to explore so they don't feel exactly hemmed in.

Another phase of Explorer life is attractive to the boys who think life on the water is better than hiking. There are a hundred and twenty of them with four motorboats for training, which they use on the Inland Waterways. These boys wear a modified navy uniform and are under the close supervision of the U. S. Navy and the Coast Guard. They take complete care of the boats and motors. Almost every weekend during seasonable weather finds six or seven with a leader on each boat.

These boys have now reached the age when girls take on a greater allure, and joint programs are planned for Senior Girl Scouts and Explorers. Dances are held from one end of the county to the other, ranging from good old-fashioned hoe-downs to formal dancing with the flowing skirts of the girls swirling on the polished floors. Social graces are acquired. The little fat girl is not allowed to lurk around the edges of the room keeping back tears as she sees her more popular sisters making capital of the occasion. The leaders see that the potential wall-flowers are swept into the fun. For every shy little girl there is an equally shy boy who rubs his sweating hands on the seat of his pants when he thinks of leading a girl out to dance.

At Camp Ockanickon, Explorers have their own quarters, called Uncas Lodge. Some of them are patrol leaders, one of the aims of Boy Scouting being to teach leadership through experience. Many a homesick lad at camp for the first time has found an Explorer at his side telling him about the cave nearby where the Doane outlaws lived, about the fun of learning to swim in the crystal-clear pool, about hiking along the camp trails where the small animals of the woodland may be seen if one stands perfectly still, and about the retreat ceremony, when the flag which has been streaming all day in the breeze comes softly down to the notes of a bugle-call to be carefully gathered up and put to rest for the night. The Explorer leads the boy's thoughts away from home and into the wonders of camping, explaining away the terror of the night which he remembers well from his own Cub days when a falling acorn sounded like the explosion of a bomb.

For the boys who can't enjoy the full camping experience, there is over-night camping in Washington Crossing Park. Twelve hundred boys camp there, putting up their tents, cooking their own meals and demonstrating their newly acquired or practiced skills for the benefit of the parents who come out in droves to see how their sons fared through the night.

Then there is the greatest honor of all,—to become an Eagle Scout. This is accomplished by hard and steady work. To qualify, the boy must have had three years in Boy Scouting and have earned at least twenty-one merit badges. As he advances toward this goal, he must be recommended by his parents, his school teachers, Scout Master and religious leader. Finally he comes before a Board of Review which consists of twelve outstanding men in the community, under the chairmanship of Judge Edward Biester. He is questioned about his knowledge of the oath and laws of Boy Scouting and outlines his plans for his own future. On the first Sunday in February each year, our County Courthouse in Doylestown is the scene of an impressive ceremony. Three of our judges in their robes preside over the Eagle Court of Honor. Parents and friends of the boys crowd into the courtroom. After the flag ceremony, each boy who has qualified as an Eagle Scout is presented to the Court and receives the insignia of his rank. There are now two hundred and fifty-two Eagle Scouts in Bucks County.

WHEN a smart-stepping boy in uniform walks down the street,—he is a proud boy whether he is a Cub, the youngest of all, a Boy Scout, an Explorer or an Eagle. He has tradition back of him,—forty-six years of it in the United States. He is a boy who is learning or has learned to get along with other boys, regardless of race, creed or color. He has become intimately acquainted with the fields and the woods. He knows he can cook himself a meal or pitch a tent or sleep on the ground. He has savored the enjoyment of working or playing in a group. He knows he has taken the first steps towards being an adult and that he is learning to live in an adult world. •

of trials, the silent treatment suffices. I wondered if the attorneys are always right when I heard one of the most sedate ladies imaginable whisper that she would like to be drawn "for a real juicy case".

When you are summoned to be a juror, some wiseacre always asks, "Whatcha got—a pull someplace?" The method of selecting a panel has been in operation for many years. The commissioners in the voting districts send in the names of voters who they think will serve their county with some semblance of fairness. Twenty-five hundred names are typed up with address and occupation from all parts of the county, sealed in envelopes and dropped in a large copper drum. The drum in the possession of the Sheriff and in the presence of several people is sealed and initialed by all there. When the time comes to draw names for a panel, a judge must be present, the Sheriff, Deputy Sheriff and all who have initialed the drum. The drum is unsealed, given a few twirls and 250 envelopes are drawn out. It then becomes the responsibility of the Deputy Sheriff to notify these people by mail, to verify their excuses and to see he has available a list of 120 names for the court. You can list your name with your local Commissioner, in case you have never been called and wish to serve. He will welcome the opportunity to add to his list.

In the panel upon which I served, jurors were drawn from forty-six towns. Forty-seven different occupations were listed with the housewife representing twenty-five per cent. There were forty-one women and seventy-nine men.

Court usually recesses at noon and the people pour out into the streets of Doylestown. No wonder the innkeepers and shop owners in Newtown protested when the court was moved. When court reconvenes, the jurors must return to wherever they were when recessed. If they are on a jury, they must return to the same chair they occupied in the morning.

Once again the judges enter, the people stand, and this time the Court Crier opens the afternoon session with "*O YEZ, O YEZ, O YEZ*, the several courts, herein this day holden are now open in their entirety."

I had certain preconceived ideas of court procedure, especially about the judges, the witness box and the sheriff. I was fully prepared to see long curling white wigs on the judges and to watch them sit in judgment by listening to cases with their eyes closed and their hands folded over their stomachs. Not so, not so. No wigs, of course, and not only did the judges listen intently to every word uttered by the witnesses and attorneys but they took prolific notes. They did not maintain poker faces at all. They smiled and even laughed outright. If they felt the attorney was confusing the witness and the jury, they took a firm hand. No cheese-cake in the witness box. Our conservative forefathers took care of that detail by putting up a three-foot high solid wall in front.

Nor was there the sound of clanking chains or display of lethal weapons as the sheriff or his deputy escorted a person across the courtroom to either pay a fine at the desk or to become a guest of the County.

The oath administered to the witness with his hand on The Book by the Court Crier is "You do swear that the evidence you shall give to the Court and Jury in the case now trying between the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and the prisoner at the bar, shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God." Alas for human frailities and short memories.

THE jury listens attentively to the evidence, tries not to jump to conclusions, hears each attorney restate the case making the defendant sound as much like an innocent person as possible or a rogue that should long ago have had his tail feathers clipped. The judge takes over, restates the charge clearly. Using his notes, he concisely and in an unbiased manner reviews the testimony. The jury stands and files out of the court, led and followed by tipstaffs to make sure no-one thinks it is a coffee-break. It is led into a room furnished with a large table and odds and ends of furniture, including a couple of rockers and a couch. A tipstaff looks into closets and under the table, assuring himself there are no eavesdroppers, warns the door will be locked until a just and true verdict has been reached. He shuts and locks the door.

The person sitting in Number One chair is automatically foreman. The jurors are generally strangers to each other and for the first time, although they have been sitting near each other for hours, they get a good look and hear each other's voices. They all start talking at once (no-one listens), giving their versions of what happened, reconstructing the evidence as they remember it. The foreman settles this clacking quickly enough and each in turn gives his honest opinion, if he has arrived at one. Some rock placidly in the rockers, some pace up and down and look longingly out the windows, some smoke and some just plain fidget. A paper vote is taken —no agreement.

More discussion, some witticisms, but there is a real effort to be just and to analyze the testimony on both sides. A juror cannot leave the room until a decision has been reached, but the County arranges to have food sent in if the time required includes meal-time so that the folks who can't wait to eat are not influenced to come to a quick decision by the rumblings of their stomach.

When an unanimous verdict is reached, the foreman knocks on the door, the key is turned, and the jury is led back to the court room where the judge is waiting. The Court Clerk addresses the foreman and the jury with "Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury, have you agreed upon your verdict and how say you, do you find the defendant guilty or not guilty?" The foreman replies and the jury is retired to benches to await another call to the jury box or to sit and watch the clock and wish the hands would turn faster. The judge informs the defendant of the jury's decision and sentences him to a term in jail, to a fine and court costs, or frees him with some fatherly advice if he sees fit.

This same general process goes on from Monday through Thursday but after the first day there is more mingling among the jurors, they move about freely, find mutual friends and short-cuts into the courtroom. When a man or woman has been called and rejected for a case, he no longer feels upset—he has become familiar with the routine and he no longer thinks an attorney has a grudge against the part in his hair or the way his ears stick out. He is grateful to the county authorities who have recognized the need for cushions on the benches. He knows eventually the judge is going to stretch and call for a recess and he will have a chance to move about. One juror said, "Never in my life have I sat so long in one place without doing something" and a woman rejoined, "Never in my life have I kept my mouth shut for so long at one time."

Serving on the jury is one way of getting a little of your county tax money back. You will receive seven dollars a day and a small allowance for travel expense. At one time the jurors were paid in cash at the end of each day, but it was found to be more efficient to send checks through the mail.

It is not likely that jury duty will ever be abolished, so when it comes your turn to find the envelope in your mail from "The Office of the Sheriff," don't hesitate to open it. You may find that serving on the jury in Bucks County is not as boring as you might think. •

fretz Continued

over 10,000 specimens with 4,000 varieties which he had gathered locally and while traveling throughout the country.

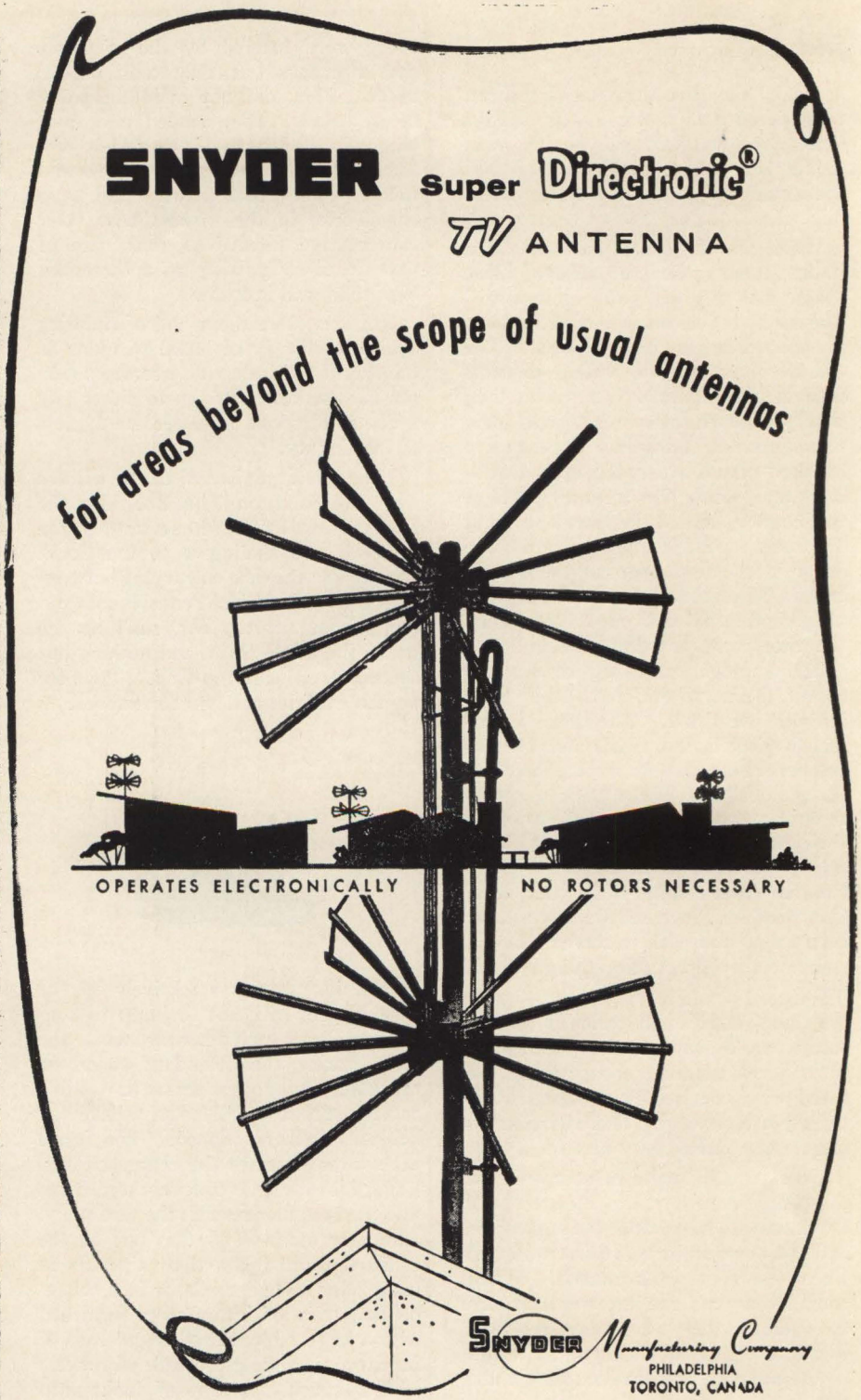
At the reunion last summer Mrs. Susan Moyer of Chalfont was honored for having a perfect attendance record since the first family gathering in 1888. Dr. J. Winfield Fretz came the greatest distance from North Newton, Kansas. Tobias K. Rittenhouse of Souderton and Mrs. Susan Moyer were the oldest man and woman, being 86 and 85 respectively. Elizabeth A. Yost of East Greenville was the youngest child. Secretary Ely R. Fretz reported that he attended a reunion of the Fretz families in Ontario, Canada, descendents of the pioneers who went there in 1800.

It is always remembered that Rev. A. J. Fretz who was pastor of a church in New Jersey, called the family together at the old homestead in 1888 as the easiest way for him to gather the data for his large and complete history of the Fretz family as well as histories of the Moyer families. As the Fretzes have become more scattered over the nation and beyond the seas they no longer attend by the thousands but there is always a goodly number to recall the old stories of the family.

A grandson of "Weaver John" once paid for a tract of land, as he said, "with gold and silver" and was ever after known by the name of "Gold and Silver". The beautiful lake in the northern part of the county was named for the late Warren Fretz, Lake Warren. It was while he was game commissioner that it was built by impounding the waters of the numerous springs at the foot of Boatman's Hill.

ON Saturday, August 12, 1956, the 68th Anniversary Reunion will take place at the Deep Run New Mennonite Church in Bedminster and descendants of the two Fretz brothers, John and Christian, will gather under the tall oak trees to sing, to pray, to listen and to talk. Prizes will be given to the oldest man, oldest woman, youngest child and to the person coming the longest distance. Picnic baskets will be opened, a word or two will be spoken about those who have passed on to another world, a word or two will be said about some Fretz who has made a special place in the world today.

It is to these people and to the many other strong men and women who came from the old country ten generations ago and who have stayed to make this land what it is today that we owe thanks, not only for the land they cleared and made productive but for their sons who have today become our fine farmers, our ministers, our doctors, our professors, our scientists, and in time of need, our fighting men. •



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old books (con't)

People who had never before used the library because of its location, were delighted to browse around in the pleasantly informal place which is now in the geographical center of Levittown, and youngsters who had before lacked transportation applied for cards and became regular borrowers. The Children's Story Hour, which is still conducted by the seven women who make up the Literature Division of Federated Women's Clubs with Marian King as Chairman, became a major social and educational experience to many more children, who are afforded an opportunity each Saturday morning to hear read to them the best in juvenile literature and often to listen to records.

Since leaving the Civic Center, circulation has increased from one hundred twenty-five books per month to nearly two thousand and the list of active librarians from eighteen to sixty-three. Most of these volunteers are the mothers of small children, and few have any library experience. Nevertheless, in a comparatively short time they have become expert at accessioning, cataloguing and the many other intricate routines that make the borrowing of books by the public a smooth operation.

In addition, with the increase in circulation, fines have provided a tidy average of forty dollars per month for the treasury which is also helped by the many ingenious fund-raising methods employed by Levittown organizations. As an example, the enthusiasm of the Literature Division led the Federated Women's Clubs to take the library under its wing by arranging for the gigantic doll project and the Holiday Ball held by the Club, whose main project for the year is Library aid. The Magnolia Hill Sectional Women's Club held a series of luncheons in members homes that provided the Library with a new edition of *World Book*, and the Levittown Exchange Club donated the new *Webster's International Dictionary* and the *American Heritage*.

But with all of the support received, everything has its ups and downs and the Levittown Public Library is no exception. It was moved to larger quarters to satisfy the need for additional shelf space and suddenly found itself with empty shelves. Work parties were held and books were processed by the hundreds only to disappear as soon as they had been placed out for borrowing. The Council decided that it had earned the right to a certain amount of luxury. Paid librarians? Not yet. What they wanted was books. . .Brand new best selling books. So they moved to allocate the income from fines exclusively for that purpose. Now, once

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again the shelves are overflowing and donated books are piled high. Work parties roll up their sleeves, but feel as though they can barely put a dent in the mountain of labor. Thousands of bookplates recently designed by Joseph Loftus and paid for by the Civic Association wait to be placed in the books.

At the moment significant things are happening to the organization. A look at the records showed that borrowers come from Fairless Hills and the surrounding communities, Bristol Borough and some from as far as Yardley. The library is open six days a week with three librarians on duty at a time, and Mary Bretschneider, herself the mother of three youngsters, spends all day on the telephone scheduling work hours.

This fall members of the Council were not surprised when the McCargars announced that the operation had outgrown the available administration and everyone agreed that it had indeed become bigger than all of them. So once again Levittown organizations were called upon. But not for funds, books or moral support this time. "Two heads are better than one," explained Mr. Fink, "and many are better than a few." The Council asked that a permanent delegate from each group be assigned to the Council to provide a body of from fifty to one hundred people who could take over the administration of the Levittown Public Library.

A second meeting was held last month and that the Council had made a smart move was proven by the delegates' lively discussion and help with decisions regarding by-laws and other executive problems. Undoubtedly one of the biggest problems confronting this group will be the means of acquiring a paid librarian which has now become almost a necessity. The question of establishing a county library has reached a peak of interest with the various library boards and councils in Bucks, and the Levittown Public Library Council will have to lend its thinking to that of the rest of the county upon such a move. And in the not too distant future, the means of acquiring a permanent building for the Levittown Library will have to be found. With the enlarged council, committees will be formed that can work on their individual projects without the distraction of overlapping membership.

For the first time in over a year, the founders and original Council members are beginning to see a possible end to their heavy burden. As they watch the high school students who drop in for reference books stay to do their homework in the relaxing atmosphere, they know that they have reached their first big goal: a real working library for Levittown. And now, too, they have been at last successful in turning it over to the people to whom it belongs.

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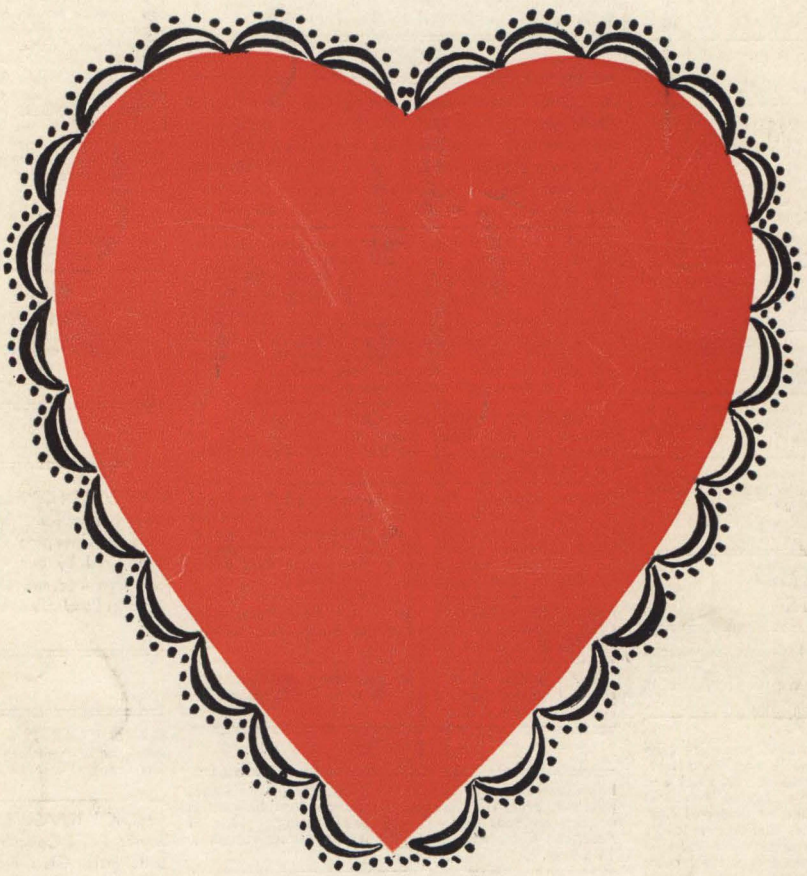

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